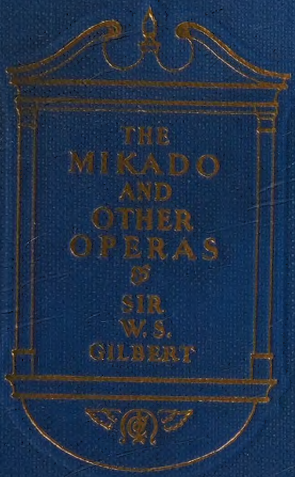
THE
MIKADO
AND
OTHER
OPERAS
OF
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W. S.
GILBERT

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THE MIKADO AND OTHER OPERAS

By SIR W. S. GILBERT

In 1871 William Gilbert, playwright and author of "Bab Ballads," was introduced to Arthur Sullivan, six years his junior, but already well known as a promising composer. The collaboration of these two men resulted in a group of light operas as nearly perfect as art can be on this imperfect planet. It is now more than fifty years since the first one was produced, but their popularity shows no sign of diminishing.

The constant dash of satire, the inimitable wit of the dialogue, the wedding of the most captivating music to the most nonsensical lyrics are all a part of the peculiar Gilbert and Sullivan charm. The four librettos chosen for this volume are "Pinafore," which pokes fun at British bureaucracy and swivel-chair admirals; "The Pirates of Penzance," which pays its respects to those who have more conscience than common sense; "Iolanthe," which has a superb time spoofing that British institution, the House of Lords; and "The Mikado," by many thought to be the finest of all the Savoy operas.

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THE MODERN READERS' SERIES
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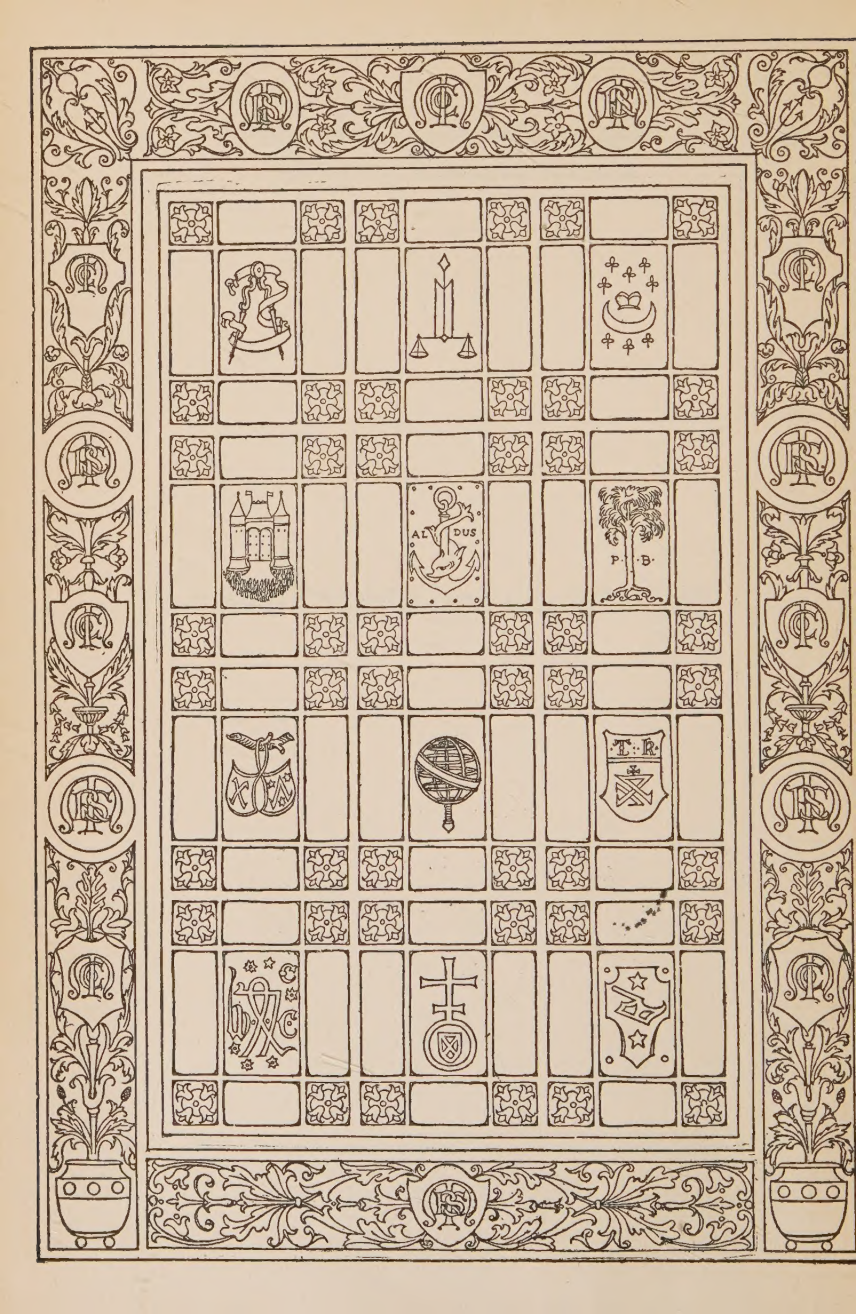
The Mikado and Other Operas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THE MIKADO

AND OTHER OPERAS

By SIR W. S. GILBERT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
WALTER PRICHARD EATON

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INTRODUCTION

THERE have been two great collaborations in the history of the English theatre—that between Beaumont and Fletcher in the early 17th century, and that between Gilbert and Sullivan in the late 19th. The former, of course, was between two dramatists; the latter between a dramatist and a composer. Gilbert provided libretti of extraordinary verbal felicity, neat, compact dramatic structure, topsy-turvy humor and, beneath the surface, cutting and very British satire. Sullivan fused these libretti with music of extraordinary rhythmic and melodic felicity, of unflagging zest and humor and charm, which was also thoroughly English in its derivation—as English as a madrigal by Morley or a song by Purcell. The result was a group of light operas about as near perfect as art can be on this imperfect planet. There had been nothing like them in our theatre before. There has been nothing since. It is now more than fifty years ago that the first one was produced, but their popularity shows no sign of diminishing. As these words are written, Mr. Winthrop Ames' company is touring the United States with three of the operas included in this volume. At least, the texts are included in this volume. Until words and music are sung and spoken from the stage, of course, the operas do not fully live. But so sound is their workmanship, so rich their component parts, that just as the music can be played by orchestras and sung by glee clubs, so the texts can be read as humorous dialogue or felicitous lyrics and studied as models of ingenious construction.

William Schwenk Gilbert was born in London, November 18th, 1836. His father was a naval surgeon who had retired early in life upon inheriting an income, and later wrote numerous now forgotten novels. He was evidently a man of strong prejudices and a rather violent temper. Young Gilbert was educated for the law, and practiced for four

years, "averaging five clients a year." He later attributed his failure to the fact that he was "a clumsy and inefficient speaker," suffering from "an unconquerable nervousness." Certainly he had no dislike for the profession, and all his life made constant reference to it. But probably it is well that he was not more successful, for he was forced to turn to his pen for a livelihood. In the middle 19th century in England there was an unusual opportunity for comic writers and artists. "Punch" had but recently been launched upon its famous career. Light verse was popular. In the theatre the pseudo-classic style of play-writing and acting was breaking down, and while certain writers like Tom Robertson were trying to supplant it with a more realistic domestic drama, others were turning out burlesques. In 1861, one of the most prolific of these burlesque writers, H. J. Byron, founded a comic magazine called "Fun," and Gilbert, then 25, began almost immediately to contribute to it. He not only contributed verse, but short stories and illustrations. There is no record that he ever took drawing lessons, but his pictures, like Thackeray's before him, were humorous and in keeping with his texts. The best of his contributions were his so-called "Bab Ballads" (Bab was the pet name his parents had called him). These ballads contained the same rhythmic and verbal felicity which characterized his later libretti, and much the same topsy-turvy humor, even many of the germinal ideas of the operas. They are now a part of English literature, and few are the people who cannot quote—

> Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
> And the mate of the "Nancy" brig,
> And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
> And the crew of the captain's gig.

This ballad, by the way, was first offered to "Punch," and rejected as "too cannibalistic."

Gilbert's friend H. J. Byron, his friend Tom Robertson, and numerous other acquaintances in that circle of London writers, were connected not only with amateur dramatics,

but with the professional theatre. Gilbert himself enjoyed acting as an amateur, and had been imbued by Robertson with an interest in stage reform, especially the reform of stage management, and of the crude, sloppy comic burlesques. It was quite natural, therefore, that his talents, as soon as they were recognized, were put to use in the playhouse. He became a practicing dramatist, and an extremely prolific one.

His first work for the stage, written in ten days, in 1866, was a burlesque on "L'Elisire d'Amore," called "Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack." (Those were the heydays of punning.) It succeeded, and orders for more burlesques followed. As Gilbert gained confidence, he expanded his work, beginning with a mock-heroic parody in blank verse of Tennyson's "The Princess," and then producing in 1870 "The Palace of Truth" and in 1871 "Pygmalion and Galatea." The former play was a satire, in which all the characters spoke the truth on all occasions. The latter was a poetic comedy of a woman's mind receiving the full shock of social customs in maturity. Created out of marble, Galatea brought to the world a mind and heart untouched by life in any way. This play was the most successful Gilbert ever wrote, and was long acted by Mrs. Kendall and then by Mary Anderson. It may still be read with pleasure, and something felt of its romantic atmosphere and intellectual point. Gilbert continued to write and adapt plays and burlesques for several years, though few of them are now remembered. Among the best known is the farce "Engaged," produced in 1877. In this farce, which is still acted, the topsy-turvy method of the "Bab Ballads" and the operas is employed. The play, however, is more than the burlesque of romantic drama it is sometimes called. It has something of the cruel bitterness of Swift's "Gulliver" about it, and probably it always, at bottom, perplexed its audiences. When Gilbert was knighted (in 1907) he confessed that he was the author or adapter of over seventy plays, and the bulk of them must have been written between 1865 and 1879. These were his busiest years, and though the plays were for

the most part ephemeral, and contributed little or nothing to the growing movement toward realism in the English theatre, the movement which resulted two decades later in a renaissance of dramatic art, they taught Gilbert stage technique, and they trained him in the art of stage management.

In the year 1871 Gilbert was introduced to Arthur Sullivan, six years his junior, but already well known as a promising composer. They collaborated at once on a short burlesque, "Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old," produced as an afterpiece to Byron's "Dearer Than Love." It contained one song later used as a chorus in "The Pirates of Penzance." No further collaboration took place for three years, but on March 23rd, 1875, a "Dramatic Cantata" called "Trial by Jury," was sung as an afterpiece to Offenbach's "La Péricholo." Arthur Sullivan's brother, Frederick, sang the "Judge." There was no spoken dialogue, and the term "dramatic cantata" indicates their initial doubt how to describe their work. But essentially "Trial by Jury" brought to birth the formula of the Gilbert and Sullivan light operas. The topsy-turvy court proceedings, the constant dash of satire, the integral rôle played by the chorus, the wedding of the most captivating music to the most nonsensical lyrics, were all part of the peculiar Gilbert and Sullivan charm. It was at once recognized as something different and delightful, and the two men set about creating a longer work, which should fill an entire evening, with Mr. D'Oyly Carte as the manager of an opera company newly formed to sing it.

The result was "The Sorcerer," produced Nov. 17th, 1877. The play was adapted from an earlier story by Gilbert, "The Elixir of Love," and was not sufficiently well knit and substantial to make a good libretto. The collaborators, especially Gilbert, had not yet quite found themselves. But the opera ran six months, and was followed, May 28th, 1878, by "Pinafore, or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor."

Probably no production ever made in the English theatre had the extraordinary effect of "Pinafore." Gilbert had at

last found the way to put his knowledge of stage technique in the full service of an operetta fable. His ridiculous story progressed smoothly, every song contributing to it; the choruses had dramatic point and climax; and his gift for stage management, too, was visible in the precision of the acting, the lack of old-fashioned "gagging" by the comedians, the significant movement and life of all the minor people, the nautical atmosphere and the delicate grace. Sullivan, too, provided his happiest musical effects. In a week all London was singing the songs from "Pinafore." In a month all England was. Then the contagion spread to America. There was no international copyright at that time, and soon literally dozens of "Pinafore" companies had sprung up all over the United States. Some were composed of choir singers. Some were even made up of children! Julia Marlowe made her debut in one of these juvenile "Pinafore" companies. Richard Mansfield appeared in New York as "Sir Admiral Porter, K.C.B." Thus "Pinafore" went around the English speaking world, and "Gilbert and Sullivan" became a household term for all that was brightest and best on the lyric stage.

From then on, for a decade, the two collaborators wrote, and D'Oyly Carte produced, a fresh masterpiece about every year. Occasionally, to secure American copyright protection, the productions were made first in the United States. After 1881, the London productions were made at the Savoy Theatre, built for the purpose, and they were often known thereafter as "the Savoy operas." The London dates were as follows:

The Pirates of Penzance	*April 3rd, 1880* (New York, *December 31st, 1879*)
Patience	*April 23rd, 1881*
Iolanthe	*November 25th, 1882*
Princess Ida	*January 5th, 1884*
The Mikado	*March 14th, 1885*
Ruddigore	*January 22nd, 1887*
The Yeomen of the Guard	*October 3rd, 1888*
The Gondoliers	*December 7th, 1889*
Utopia Limited	*October 7th, 1893*
The Grand Duke	*March 7th, 1896*

It will be noticed that there is a gap of four years between "The Gondoliers" and "Utopia Limited." That break was due to an unfortunate quarrel between Gilbert and his manager and collaborator, over a matter of production expenses. "Utopia Limited," which followed the reconciliation, was not a great success, and the final opera, "The Grand Duke," was practically a failure. Gilbert's vein was running out, and perhaps there wasn't the old, perfect coordination between librettist and composer.

Gilbert's last work was a libretto called "Fallen Fairies," with music by Edward German. It was based on an earlier play, "The Wicked World," and was a failure. As it was produced in 1909, when Gilbert was 73 years old, and trying to "come back" with an untried collaborator, perhaps this is not strange. He wrote no more for the theatre, but lived the life of a country gentleman on his estate just outside London, and died there of heart failure in May, 1911, while gallantly trying to rescue two young women who had got over their depth in his swimming pool. He left a considerable fortune, chiefly accumulated from the royalties on his operas.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas, coming as they did at the same time that English drama was being restored to a place of artistic dignity, had their share of influence in this renaissance. Gilbert took the older type of crude, punning burlesque and converted it into something with literary distinction, intellectual point, and verbal felicity. His careful supervision of all productions, too, played a large part in the creation of the modern art of stage direction. Some even call him "the father of modern stage direction," though that title in the English theatre belongs equally to Tom Robertson. The Savoy operas brought back into the theatre, too, people of cultivation, and no doubt made better audiences for the plays of Wilde and Pinero and Shaw and Galsworthy, which were to follow. For a time, in the 1890's and the early years of the 20th century, other operatic writers attempted to keep

the pace set by Gilbert and Sullivan, and many charming, if lesser works, followed theirs.

But we are once more back, so far as the light lyric stage is concerned, to the formlessness, the crudity, often the vulgarity of "musical comedies" and "reviews," or else to romantic operettas. Almost the last attempt at a Gilbertian libretto in the United States was George Ade's "The Sultan of Sulu," which had no adequate musical score. Nor is this incomprehensible. The Savoy operas were not something that can be imitated. They could not establish a "school." Gilbert was not in spirit a part of the modern movement in the theatre, nor of any movement. Victorian perhaps in his tastes and prejudices, he was essentially a comic poet turned dramatist, with a topsy-turvy sense of fun that might belong in any age and a rather cynical and wicked wit which was softened into harmlessness by the music and nonsense. He chanced, by a happy miracle, to appear in England at exactly the time that Sir Arthur Sullivan appeared—a belated 18th century melodist with an exact understanding of Gilbert's style, a keen sense for the theatre, and a thorough musical equipment. No such happy combination had ever been effected by the Fates before, and perhaps it never will be again. It is absurd to expect operas like those of Gilbert and Sullivan, without a second Gilbert and a second Sullivan in miraculous conjunction.

The four libretti chosen for this volume, (and four others perhaps equally interesting could be chosen) are "Pinafore," which pokes fun at British bureaucracy and swivel-chair admirals; "The Pirates of Penzance," which pays its respects to those who have more conscience than common sense; "Iolanthe," which has a superb time spoofing that British institution, the House of Lords; and "The Mikado," by many thought to be the finest of all the Savoy operas. Certainly "The Mikado" sustains the highest level of musical inspiration, and it is, pictorially, the most quaint and colorful. For many years it has been a regular feature of German opera

house repertoires, and Schumann-Heink once told the present writer that "Katisha" was one of her favorite rôles. How superb she must have been in it, with her magnificent, domineering voice and her keen sense of fun!

To suggest methods of "studying" these libretti would be silly—or Gilbertian! The only way to study them is to read them, preferably aloud, and preferably singing the songs. Alas! without the full score, and the stage business, it is impossible even so to feel the superb, clashing climax of Act I of "The Mikado"; and without the full chorus it is impossible to realize the incredibly ludicrous absurdity of the entrance of the Lords in "Iolanthe." But the delicious pomposity and mental perplexity of that famous pluralist, "Pooh Bah," can be savored from the text, and so can the extraordinary felicity of Gilbert's diction, as well as his wit, in lyric after lyric. Take, for example, the song of the Peer in "Iolanthe," with its quaint inversion of the usual point of view—a sly dig at modern democratic sentiment:

Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well connected.
High rank involves no shame,
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected.

Or note the clean cut rhythm and the perfect syllabic division of "Sir Joseph's" song in "Pinafore" ("When I was a lad I served a term—"), so that it comes trippingly off the tongue, at whatever pace you take it. Other songs of this character are much more involved (as, for example, that of the "Lord Chancellor" in "Iolanthe") but they never become entangled, they come off triumphant from the tongue. And how infinitely varied are the rhythms of Gilbert's lyrics, avoiding monotony and offering to Sullivan, of course, the opportunity for infinite musical variety.

In his famous book, "The English Stage," Augustin Filon,

a Frenchman, sharply rebuked Gilbert for frittering away his time on mere nonsensical comic operas. "For my part," he says, "I never yawned so much as I did at 'Princess Ida,' unless it was at 'Patience.'" There were not lacking those in England, for that matter, who considered both Gilbert and Sullivan to be working in a medium somewhat beneath them; and Sullivan, at least, himself sometimes fretted and yearned to write "grand opera." The French, of course, have never taken kindly to such fantastic humor as Gilbert's, nor could much of his wit be comprehensible to aliens. But among his countrymen it is now fully recognized that what was precious and unique in his genius found its flower in the "Bab Ballads" and especially in the Savoy operas, and that what was best in Sullivan's genius found its happiest expression in those same inimitable works. Neither man, alone, was of great stature; but in combination they produced at least nine works of art perfect of their kind, for the perpetual refreshment of the race. Together they may very well prove to be immortal.

Walter Prichard Eaton.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B. (*First Lord of the Admiralty*)
CAPTAIN CORCORAN (*Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*)
RALPH RACKSTRAW (*Able Seaman*)
DICK DEADEYE (*Able Seaman*)
BILL BOBSTAY (*Boatswain's Mate*)
BOB BECKET (*Carpenter's Mate*)
TOM TUCKER (*Midshipmite*)
SERGEANT OF MARINES
JOSEPHINE (*the Captain's Daughter*)
HEBE (*Sir Joseph's First Cousin*)
LITTLE BUTTERCUP (*a Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*)

First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, etc.

SCENE—QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH

ACT I—NOON ACT II—NIGHT

ACT I

SCENE.—*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. View of Portsmouth in distance.* Sailors, *led by* BOATSWAIN, *discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.*

CHORUS

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men, and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time to play.

(*Enter* LITTLE BUTTERCUP, *with a large basket on her arm*)

RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-war's men—safeguards of your nation,
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA

For I'm called Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, I.
I've snuff, and tobaccy, and excellent jacky;
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.
I've treacle and toffee and excellent coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops;

I've chickens and conies and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.
Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

Boat. Ay, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

But. Red, am I? and round—and rosy! Maybe, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a cankerworm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

Boat. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

(*Enter* Dick Deadeye. *He pushes through* Sailors.)

Dick. *I* have thought it often. (*All recoil from him.*)

But. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

Boat. Don't take no heed of *him;* that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

Dick. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye?

But. It's not a nice name.

Dick. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

But. You are certainly plain.

Dick. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

But. You are rather triangular.

Dick. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

Boat. (*crossing*). Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow-creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now, can you?

Dick. No.

Boat. It's asking too much, ain't it?

Dick. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature—I am resigned.

RECIT.

But. (*looking down hatchway*).
But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet
With difficulty bear him on his course?
Boat. (*crossing*).
That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—
Ralph Rackstraw!
But. Ha! that name! Remorse! remorse!

(*Enter* RALPH *from hatchway*)

MADRIGAL—RALPH

The nightingale
Loved the pale moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed;
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation,
When we have pain and trouble too before us!
I love—and love, alas, above my station!

But. (*aside*). He loves—and loves a lass above his station!
All (*aside*). Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

BALLAD—RALPH

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty,
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie,
To do her menial's duty.

All. To do her menial's duty.

A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond concealing.
Has dared for her to pine
At whose exalted shrine
A world of wealth is kneeling.

All. A world of wealth is kneeling!

Unlearnèd he in aught
Save that which love has taught.
(For love had been his tutor)
Oh, pity, pity me—
Our captain's daughter she,
And I that lowly suitor!

All. And he that lowly suitor!

(*Exit* LITTLE BUTTERCUP)

Boat. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high: our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

Dick. No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.

All (*recoiling from him*). Shame! shame!

Boat. (*crossing*). Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'.

Ralph. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the maintruck or his slacks on the maindeck.

Dick. Ah, it's a queer world!

Ralph. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder.

Boat. (*who has gone on poop-deck, returns*). My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

RECIT.

Capt. My gallant crew, good morning.
All (*saluting*). Sir, good morning!
Capt. I hope you're all well.
All (*as before*). Quite well; and you, sir?
Capt. I am reasonable in health, and happy
To meet you all once more.
All (*as before*). You do us proud, sir!

SONG—CAPTAIN

Capt. I am the Captain of the *Pinafore!*
All. And a right good captain, too!
Capt. You're very, very good,
And be it understood
I command a right good crew.
All. We're very, very good,
And be it understood
He commands a right good crew.
Capt. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,

And ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea!

All. What, never?

Capt. No, never!

All. What, *never?*

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore!

Capt. I do my best to satisfy you all—

All. And with you we're quite content.

Capt. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.

All. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it's only right
To return the compliment.

Capt. Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though, "bother it," I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D——

All. What, never?

Capt. No, never!

All. What, *never?*

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever swears a big, big D——
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the well-bred Captain of the Pinafore!

(*After song exeunt all but* CAPTAIN)

(*Enter* LITTLE BUTTERCUP)

RECIT.

But. Sir, you are sad. The silent eloquence
Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common:
Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother!

Capt. Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry—
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason,
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

But. (*with emotion*).
Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!
But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.
I go—Farewell! *Exit*

Capt. (*looking after her*). A plump and pleasing person!

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE *on poop. She comes down, twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket*)

BALLAD—JOSEPHINE

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!
Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Capt. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir

Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

Jos. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him: My heart is already given.

Capt. (*aside*). It is, then, as I feared. (*Aloud.*) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

Jos. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

Capt. Impossible!

Jos. Yes, it is true—too true.

Capt. A common sailor? Oh, fie!

Jos. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (*Weeps.*)

Capt. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter—I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

Jos. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father. I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

Capt. You *are* my daughter, after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of female relatives that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin—take this, his photograph, with you—it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

Jos. My own thoughtful father. (*Exit* JOSEPHINE)

BARCAROLE (*without*)

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

(*During this the Crew have entered on tiptoe, listening attentively to the song.*)

CHORUS OF SAILORS

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men, and true,
And attentive to our duty.
We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar,
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

(*Enter* SIR JOSEPH'S *Female Relatives. They dance round stage*)

Rel. Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping.
Sail. Flags and guns and pennants dipping
All the ladies love the shipping.

Rel. Sailors sprightly
Always rightly
Welcome ladies so politely.
Sail. Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.

(*Enter* SIR JOSEPH *with* COUSIN HEBE)

Capt. (*from poop*). Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.
All. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurray!
(*Repeat*)

SONG—SIR JOSEPH

I am the monarch of the sea,
The Ruler of the Queen's Navee,
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.

Cousin H. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Rel. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir J. When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts.

Cousin H. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir J. But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!

Cousin H. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

SONG—SIR JOSEPH

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS

He polished, etc.

As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS

He copied, etc.

In serving writs I made such a name
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS

And that pass examination, etc.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership,
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS

But that kind, etc.

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS

He thought so little, etc.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your deck and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS

Stick close, etc.

Sir J. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. It *is* a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. (*examining a very small midshipman*). A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. No bullying, I trust—no strong language of any kind, eh?

Capt. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. What, *never?*

Capt. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

Sir J. (*reproving*). Don't patronize them, sir—pray don't patronize them.

Capt. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

Capt. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

Capt. Ralph Rackstraw, come here.

Sir J. (*sternly*). If what?

Capt. I beg your pardon—

Sir J. If you *please.*

Capt. Oh, yes, of course. If you *please.*

(RALPH *steps forward*)

Sir J. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir J. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

Ralph. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

Sir J. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

Ralph. No, your honour.

Sir J. That's a pity: all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now, tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?

Ralph. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

All. Hear!

Sir J. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

Ralph. I can hum a little, your honour.

Sir J. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

Capt. Ay, ay, Sir Joseph. Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occupation, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at one bell.

Boat. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?
Capt. If what? I don't think I understand you.
Boat. If you *please*, your honour.
Capt. What!
Sir J. The gentleman is quite right. If you *please.*
Capt. (*stamping his foot impatiently*). If you *please!*

Sir J. For I hold that on the seas
The expression, "If you please,"
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.
Cousin H. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

(*Exeunt* Captain *and* Sir Joseph *into cabin*)

Boat. Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman: courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

Ralph. True, Boatswain; but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his; and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

All. Well spoke! well spoke!

Dick. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

All (*recoiling*). Horrible! horrible!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am—shocked!

Ralph (*coming forward*). Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

All. Hurrah!

Ralph. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my

heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

All. Ay, ay.

Ralph. True, I lack birth—

Boat. You've a berth on board this very ship.

Ralph. Well said—I had forgotten that. Messmates, what do you say? do you approve my determination?

All. We do.

Dick. *I* don't.

Boat. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.

GLEE—RALPH, BOATSWAIN, BOATSWAIN'S MATE, AND CHORUS

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird!
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.
His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

CHORUS

His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude. (*Pose.*)

CHORUS

His foot should stamp, etc.

(*All strike attitude and then dance off to hornpipe down hatchway, excepting* RALPH, *who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.*)

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE *from cabin*)

Jos. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (*Sees* RALPH.) Ralph Rackstraw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)

Ralph. Ay, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

Jos. (*aside*). How my head beats! (*Aloud.*) And why poor, Ralph?

Ralph. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady—rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences —thither by subjective emotions—wafted one moment into blazing day by mocking hope—plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

Jos. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! (*Aloud.*) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

Ralph (*aside*). I will—one. (*Aloud.*) Josephine!

Jos. (*indignantly*). Sir!

Ralph. Ay, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent ever-

more. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hope, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

Jos. Sir, this audacity! (*Aside.*) Oh, my heart, my heart! (*Aloud.*) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (*Aside.*) Common, oh, the irony of the word! (*Aloud.*) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

Ralph. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in thy hand—I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud, and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken, and I wait your word!

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank—they should be lowered before your captain's daughter!

DUET—JOSEPHINE AND RALPH

Jos. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing,
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!
Proud lords to seek my hand
In throngs assemble,
The loftiest in the land
Bow down and tremble!

(*Aside.*) I'd laugh my rank to scorn
In union holy,
Were he more highly born
Or I more lowly!

Ralph. Proud lady, have your way
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!

I am the lowliest tar
That sails the water.
And you, proud maiden, are
My captain's daughter!
(*Aside.*) My heart with anguish torn
Bows down before her,
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her.

(*Repeat refrain ensemble, then exit* JOSEPHINE *into cabin*)

RECIT.—RALPH

Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, rejected?
No, no, it's not to be expected!
(*Calling off.*) Messmates, ahoy!
Come here! Come here!

(*Enter* Sailors, HEBE, *and* Relatives)

All. Ay, ay, my boy,
What cheer, what cheer?
Now tell us, pray,
Without delay,
What does she say—
What cheer, what cheer?

Ralph (*to* COUSIN HEBE).
The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
Rejects my humble love my lady;
She says I am ignobly born,
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.
All. Oh, cruel one!
Dick. She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!
I told you so, I told you so.
Sail. and Rel. Shall {we / they} submit? Are {we / they} but slaves?
Love comes alike to high and low—
Britannia's sailors rule the waves,

And shall they stoop to insult? No!
Dick. You must submit, you are but slaves;
A lady she! Oho! Oho!
You lowly toilers of the waves,
She spurns you all—I told you so!
(*Goes off.*)

Ralph (*drawing a pistol*).
My friends, my leave of life I'm taking,
For oh, for oh, my heart is breaking.
When I am gone, oh, prithee tell
The maid that, as I died, I loved her well!
(*Loading it.*)

All (*turning away, weeping*).
Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,
For, ah! his faithful heart is breaking.
When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.
(*During chorus he has loaded pistol.*)

Ralph. Be warned, my messmates all
Who love in rank above you—
For Josephine I fall!

(*Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.*)

(*Enter* Josephine)

Jos. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!
All. Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!
Ralph (*incredulously*). Loves me?
Jos. Loves you!
All. Yes, yes—ah, yes—she loves you!

ENSEMBLE

SAILORS AND RELATIVES, AND JOSEPHINE

Oh, joy! oh, rapture unforeseen!
For now the sky is all serene;

The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all a-blaze.
With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along.
And if { I find / we find } the maiden coy,
{ I'll / We'll } murmur forth decorous joy
In dreamy roundelays!

DICK DEADEYE

He thinks he's won his Josephine,
But though the sky is now serene,
A frowning thunderbolt above
May end their ill-assorted love
Which now is all a-blaze.
Our captain, ere the day is gone,
Will be extremely down upon
The wicked men who art employ
To make his Josephine less coy
In many various ways.

Jos. This very night,
Hebe. With bated breath
Ralph. And muffled oar—
Jos. Without a light,
Hebe. As still as death,
Ralph. We'll steal ashore.
Jos. A clergyman
Ralph. Shall make us one
Boat. At half-past ten,
Jos. And then we can
Ralph. Return, for none
Boat. Can part us then!
All. This very night, etc.

(Dick *appears at hatchway*)

Dick. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned,
She is a lady—you a foremast hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls the water.

All. Back, vermin, back,
Nor mock us!
Back, vermin, back,
You shock us!

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside—
Who gives up house and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true!
For a British tar is a soaring soul
As free as a mountain bird!
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude. (*Pose.*)

(*General Dance*)

ACT II

SAME SCENE.—*Night. Moonlight.*

CAPTAIN *discovered singing on poop-deck, and accompanying himself on a mandolin.* LITTLE BUTTERCUP *seated on quarter-deck, near gun, gazing sentimentally at him.*

SONG—CAPTAIN

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens;
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
I have lived hitherto
Free from breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew—
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel;
My daughter to a tar is partial;
Sir Joseph storms and, sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens;
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

But. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! (*Sighing.*) Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew—

(CAPTAIN *has come down from poop-deck.*)

Capt. Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

But. True, dear Captain—but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

Capt. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

But. Oh no—do not say "all," dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

Capt. True, for you are staunch to me. (*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (*Aloud.*) I am deeply touched by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

But. (*change of manner*). I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty—and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies. There is a change in store for you!

Capt. A change!

But. Ay—be prepared!

DUET—LITTLE BUTTERCUP AND CAPTAIN

But. Things are seldom what they seem:
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacocks' feathers.

Capt. (*puzzled*). Very true,
So they do.

But. Black sheep dwell in every fold
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

Capt. (*puzzled*). So they be,
Frequentlee.

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But. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
But it is a farthing still.

Capt. (*puzzled*). Yes, I know
That is so.
Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady—it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady—mystic lady,

(*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

But. (*aside*). Stern conviction's o'er him stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

Both. Yes, I know
That is so!

Capt. Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever:
Once a cat was killed by care;
Only brave deserve the fair.

But. Very true,
So they do.

Capt. Wink is often good as nod;
Spoils the child who spares the rod;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
Dogs are found in many mangers.

But. Frequentlee,
I agree.

Capt. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
Worn-out garments show new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown up catchy-catches.

But. Yes, I know
That is so.

(*Aside.*) Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

ENSEMBLE

Though a mystic tone { I / you } borrow,
{ I shall / You will } learn the truth with sorrow,
Here to-day and gone to-morrow;
Yes, I know
That is so!

(*At the end exit* LITTLE BUTTERCUP, *melo-dramatically*)

Capt. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell!

(*Enter* SIR JOSEPH)

Sir J. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

Capt. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

Sir J. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this?

Capt. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is, of course, sensible of your condescension.

Sir J. She naturally would be.

Capt. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

Sir. You think it does?

Capt. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

Sir J. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and

displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

Capt. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and assure her, officially, that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

Sir J. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE *from cabin.* SIR JOSEPH *retires up and watches her*)

SCENA—JOSEPHINE

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking
Oh that I might retrace
The step that I am taking.
Its folly it were easy to be showing
What I am giving up and whither going.

On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-glasses,
Rich Oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.
And on the other, a dark dingy room
In some back street, with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying;
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,

Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown!
No golden rank can he impart—
No wealth of house or land—
No fortune save his trusty heart
And honest brown right hand!
And yet he is so wondrous fair
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty,
Were little else than solemn duty!
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!

Sir J. (*coming forward*). Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank; I desire to convey to you, officially, my assurance that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

Jos. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

Sir J. I am officially of that opinion.

Jos. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

Sir J. Madam, I desire to convey to you, officially, my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

(Captain *has entered; during this speech he comes forward*)

Trio—Sir Joseph, Captain, and Josephine

Capt. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
Though your tastes are mean and flighty
And your fortune poor and plain—

Capt. and Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of {his / my} lordship
With a humble captain's child!
Capt. For a humble captain's daughter—
Jos. (*aside*). For a gallant captain's daughter—
Sir J. And a lord who rules the water—
Jos. (*aside*). And a *tar* who ploughs the water!
All. Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!

Sir J. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though your nautical relation
(*Alluding to* CAPTAIN)
In my set could scarcely pass—
Though you occupy a station
In the lower middle class—
Capt. and Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of {his / my} lordship
With a humble captain's child!
Sir J. For a humble captain's daughter—
Jos. (*aside*). For a gallant captain's daughter—
Capt. And a lord who rules the water—
Jos. (*aside*). And a *tar* who ploughs the water!
All. Let the air with joy be laden,
Fill with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!
Jos. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore
I admit its jurisdiction;

Ably have you played your part;
You have carried firm conviction
To my hesitating heart.

Capt. and Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of {his / my} lordship
With a humble captain's child!

Capt. and Sir J. For a humble captain's daughter—
Jos. (*aside*). For a gallant captain's daughter—
Capt. and Sir J. And a lord who rules the water—
Jos. (*aside*). And a *tar* who ploughs the water!
(*Aloud.*) Let the air with joy be laden,
Capt. and Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board ship—
Jos. For the union of a maiden—
Capt. and Sir J. For the union with his lordship.
All. Rend with songs the air above
For the man who owns her love!

(*Exit* Josephine)

Capt. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

Sir J. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable.

(*Exit* Sir Joseph *into cabin*)

Capt. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian.

(*During this speech* Dick Deadeye *has entered*)

Dick. Captain!

Capt. Deadeye! You here? Don't!

(*Recoiling from him.*)

Dick. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

Capt. What would you with me?

Dick (*mysteriously*). I'm come to give you warning.

Capt. Indeed! Do you propose to leave the Navy, then?

Dick. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen.

DUET—CAPTAIN AND DICK DEADEYE

Dick. Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are!
About a certain intimate relation;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar!
Both. The merry maiden and the tar!
Capt. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are!
The answer to them vainly I am seeking;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar!
Both. The merry maiden and the tar!
Dick. Kind Captain, your young lady is a-sighing,
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are!
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar!
Both. The merry maiden and the tar!

Capt. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are!
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning;
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!
(*Producing a "cat."*)
Both. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

Capt. Dick Deadeye, I thank you for your warning; I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat-cloak will afford me ample disguise. So! (*Envelops himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.*)

Dick. Ha! ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!

(*Enter* Crew on *tiptoe, with* RALPH *and* BOATSWAIN, *meeting* JOSEPHINE, *who enters from cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessaries, and accompanied by* LITTLE BUTTERCUP. *The* CAPTAIN, *shrouded in his boat-cloak, watches them unnoticed.*)

ENSEMBLE

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.

(CAPTAIN *stamps—chord*)

All (*much alarmed*). Goodness me!
Why, what was that?
Dick. Silent be,
It was the cat!
All (*reassured*). It was—it was the cat!
Capt. (*producing cat-o'-nine-tails*).
They're right, it was the cat!

Pull ashore, in fashion steady,
Hymen will defray the fare,
For a clergyman is ready
To unite the happy pair!

(*Stamp as before, and chord*)

All. Goodness me!
Why, what was that?
Dick. Silent be,
Again the cat!
All. It was again that cat!
Capt. (*aside*). They're right it was the cat!
(*Throwing off cloak.*) Hold! (*All start.*)
Pretty daughter of mine,
I insist upon knowing
Where you may be going
With these sons of the brine;

For my excellent crew,
Though foes they could thump any,
Are scarcely fit company,
My daughter, for you.

Crew. Now, hark 'at that, do!
Though foes we could thump any,
We are scarcely fit company
For a lady like you!

Ralph. Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!
Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,
For I have dared to love your matchless girl,
A fact well known to all my messmates here!

Capt. Oh, horror!

Ralph and Jos. {I, / He,} humble, poor, and lowly born,
The meanest in the port division—
The butt of epauletted scorn—
The mark of quarter-deck derision—
{Have / Has} dared to raise {my / his} wormy eyes
Above the dust to which you'd mould
{me! / him,}
In manhood's glorious pride to rise.
{I am / He is} an Englishman—behold {me! / him!}

All. He is an Englishman.

Boat. He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!

All. That he is an Englishman!

Boat. For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!

All. Or perhaps Itali-an!

Boat. But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!
All. Hurrah!
For the true-born Englishman!
Capt. (*trying to repress his anger*).
In uttering a reprobation
To any British tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.
I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,
Why, damme, it's too bad!

(*During this* Cousin Hebe *and* Female Relatives *have entered*)

All (*shocked*). Oh!
Capt. Yes, damme, it's too bad!
Capt. and Dick Deadeye. Yes, damme, it's too bad.

(*During this* Sir Joseph *has appeared on poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad language*)

Hebe. Did you hear him—did you hear him?
Oh, the monster overbearing!
Don't go near him—don't go near him—
He is swearing—he is swearing.
Sir J. (*with impressive dignity*).
My pain and my distress
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement—my surprise—
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!
Capt. My lord, one word—the facts are not before you;
The word was injudicious, I allow—
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant, too, I vow!

Sir J. I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible.
That word of evil sense
Is wholly indefensible.
Go, ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celerity.
This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!

(*Exit* CAPTAIN, *disgraced, followed by* JOSEPHINE)

All. Behold the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!

Sir J. For I'll teach you all, ere long,
To refrain from language strong.
For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts!

Hebe. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.

All. For he is an Englishman, etc.

Sir J. Now, tell me, my fine fellow—for you *are* a fine fellow—

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir J. How came your captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

Ralph. Please, your honour, it was thus-wise. You see, I'm only a topman—a mere foremast hand—

Sir J. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

Ralph. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the foksle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes.

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE; *she rushes to* RALPH'S *arms.* SIR JOSEPH *horrified*)

She's the figurehead of my ship of life—the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness—the rarest, the

purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow.

All. Very pretty.

Sir J. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (*Two* Marines *seize him and handcuff him.*)

Jos. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

Sir J. Away with him. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

All. We have!

Sir J. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTETTE

Ralph. Farewell, my own!
Light of my life, farewell!
For crime unknown
I go to a dungeon cell.
All. For crime, etc.

Jos. In the mean time, farewell!
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!
All. And all, etc.

Sir J. A bone, a bone
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.
All. Let him, etc.

Boat. }
Dick. } He'll hear no tone
Hebe. } Of the maiden he loves so well!
No telephone
Communicates with his cell!
All. No telephone, etc.

But. (*mysteriously*).
But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.
All. Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell!

(*All repeat respective verses, ensemble. At the end* Ralph *is led off in custody*)

Sir J. Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I desire to express to you, officially, that I am hurt. You, whom I honoured by seeking in marriage—you, the daughter of a captain in the Royal Navy!

But. Hold! *I* have something to say to that!

Sir J. You?

But. Yes, I!

Song—Buttercup

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know
I practised baby-farming.
All. Now this is most alarming!
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago.

But. Two tender babes I nussed:
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.
All (*explaining to each other*).
Now, this is the position:
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.

But. Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!
All. However could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.

But. In time each little waif
Forsook his foster-mother.
The well-born babe was Ralph—
Your captain was the other!
All. They left their foster-mother.
The one was Ralph, our brother—
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

Sir J. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour—that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

But. That is the idea I intended to convey?

Sir J. You have done it very well. Let them appear before me, at once!

(RALPH *enters as Captain;* CAPTAIN as a common sailor. JOSEPHINE *rushes to his arms*)

Jos. My father—a common sailor!

Capt. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

Sir J. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (*To* RALPH.) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

Ralph. Corcoran, come here.

Capt. If what? If you *please.*

Sir J. Perfectly right. If you *please.*

Ralph. Oh. If you *please.* (CAPTAIN *steps forward.*)

Sir J. (*to* CAPTAIN). You are an extremely fine fellow.

Capt. Yes, your honour.

Sir J. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

Capt. So it seems, your honour.

Sir J. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

Capt. Don't say that, your honour—love levels all ranks.

Sir J. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that. (*Handing* JOSEPHINE *to* RALPH.) Here—take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

Ralph and Jos. Oh, bliss! oh, rapture!

Sir J. Sad my lot, and sorry,
What shall I do? I cannot live alone!

All. What will he do? he cannot live alone!

Hebe. Fear nothing—while I live I'll not desert you.
I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.

Sir J. No, don't do that.

Hebe. Yes, but indeed I'd rather.

Sir J. (*resigned*).
To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,
Three loving pairs on the same day united!

DUET—RALPH AND JOSEPHINE

Oh, joy! oh, rapture unforeseen!
The clouded sky is now serene;
The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along;
And if { he finds / I find } the maiden coy,
We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
In dreamy roundelays.

Capt. For he is the Captain of the Pinafore.

All. And a right good captain too!

Capt. And though before my fall
I was Captain of you all,
I'm a member of the crew.
All. Although before his fall, etc.
Capt. I shall marry with a wife.
In my own rank of life!
(*Turning to* BUTTERCUP)
And you, my love, are she.
I must wander to and fro,
But wherever I may go,
I shall never be untrue to thee!
All. What, never?
Capt. No, never!
All. What, *never?*
Capt. Hardly ever!
All. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the faithful seamen of the Pinafore.

But. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
I'm sure I shall never know why;
But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, ay!
All. For he loves, etc.

Sir J. I'm the monarch of the sea,
And when I've married thee (*to* HEBE.)
I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants.
Hebe. Then good-bye to his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts.
Especially his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
All. For he is an Englishman,
And he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman!

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

or, The Slave of Duty

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RICHARD (*a Pirate Chief*)
SAMUEL (*his Lieutenant*)
FREDERIC (*a Pirate Apprentice*)
MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY (*of the British Army*)
EDWARD (*a Sergeant of Police*)
MABEL (GENERAL STANLEY'S *Youngest Daughter*)
KATE
EDITH } GENERAL STANLEY'S *Daughters*
ISABEL
RUTH, *a Piratical "Maid-of-all-work"*
GENERAL STANLEY'S DAUGHTERS, PIRATES, POLICEMEN, *etc.*

ACT I—*A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall, England.*
ACT II—*A Ruined Chapel on* GENERAL STANLEY'S *Estate.*

ACT I

SCENE.—*A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. Rocks L sloping down to L. C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen at first entrance L. A natural arch of rock occupies the R. C. of the stage. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor.*

As the curtain rises groups of Pirates are discovered, some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, *the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask.* FREDERIC *is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene, C.* RUTH *kneels at his feet.*

OPENING CHORUS

Pour, oh pour the pirate sherry!
Fill, oh fill the pirate glass!
And, to make us more than merry,
Let the pirate bumper pass.

SOLO—SAMUEL

For to-day our pirate 'prentice
Rises from indentures freed.
Strong his arm and keen his scent is;
He's a pirate now indeed!

ALL

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!
Frederic's out of his indentures!

SOLO—SAMUEL

Two-and-twenty, now he's rising,
And alone he's fit to fly;
Which we're bent on signalizing
With unusual revelry.

ALL

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!
Frederic's out of his indentures!
So pour, oh pour the pirate sherry, etc.

(FREDERIC *rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R. U. E.*)

King. Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

All. Hurrah!

Frederic. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

King. What do you mean?

Fred. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you forever.

All. Leave us?

Fred. Forever!

King. But this is quite unaccountable. A keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handspike.

Fred. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error. No matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honor bound by it.

Samuel. An error? What error?

Fred. I may not tell you. It would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

(RUTH *comes down C.*)

Ruth. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

SONG—RUTH

When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring

His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring.
I was, alas! his nursery-maid, and so it fell to *my* lot
To take and bind this promising boy apprentice to a pilot.
A life not bad for a hardy lad, though certainly not a high lot;
Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy a pilot.

I was a stupid nursery-maid, on breakers always steering,
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing.
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did *gy*rate,
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a pirate.
A sad mistake it was to make, and doom him to a vile lot!
I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot!

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster;
But I hadn't the face to return to my place and break it to my master.
A nursery-maid is never afraid of what you people call work,
So I make up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-work;
And that is how you find me now a member of your shy lot,
Which you wouldn't have found had he been bound apprentice to a pilot.

Ruth (*kneeling at his feet*). Oh pardon, Frederic! pardon!

Fred. Rise, sweet one; I have long pardoned you. (RUTH *rises.*)

Ruth. The two words were so much alike!

Fred. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads! (RUTH *goes up with* SAMUEL.) But this afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable; but collectively, I look upon you

with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that once out of my indentures I shall feel myself bound to devote myself, heart and soul, to your extermination.

All. Poor lad! poor lad! (*All weep.*)

King. Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

Samuel. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.

Fred. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you: it wouldn't be right.

King. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.

Sam. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.

All. Hear! hear!

Fred. Well, then, it is my duty as a pirate to tell you that you are too tender-hearted. For instance, you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

King. There is some truth in that.

Fred. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan.

Sam. Of course: we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

Fred. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let 'em go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums, which we know is not the case. (*Crosses R.*)

Sam. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?

Fred. There's my difficulty. Until twelve o'clock I would; after twelve o'clock I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

(RUTH *comes down C.*)

Ruth. And Ruth, your own Ruth, whom you love so well, and who has won her middle-aged way into your boyish heart—what is to become of her?

King. Oh, he will take you with him.

Fred. Well, Ruth, I feel some little difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much, but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

Ruth. It is—oh, it is!

Fred. I say I *think* it is—that is my impression. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other women, it is just possible I may be mistaken.

King. True.

Fred. What a terrible thing it would be if I were to marry this innocent person, and then find out that she is, on the whole, plain!

King. Oh, Ruth is very well—very well indeed.

Sam. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.

Fred. Do you really think so? Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her and in consideration for you I will leave her behind. (*Hands* RUTH *to* KING.)

King. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would deprive thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

All (*loudly*). Not one!

King. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic—keep thy love! (*Hands her back to* FREDERIC.)

Fred. You're very good, I'm sure.

King. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

Fred. I will. By the love I have for you, I swear it. Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to civilization!

King. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic; I shall live and die a pirate king.

SONG—PIRATE KING

Oh better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to the cheating world go you,
Where pirates all are well-to-do;
But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And live and die a Pirate King!
For I am a Pirate King!

All. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

King. And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!

All. It is. Hurrah for our Pirate King!

King. When I sally forth to seek my prey
I help myself in a royal way.
I sink a few more ships, it's true,
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;
But many a king on a first-class throne,
If he wants to call his crown his own,
Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever *I* do,
Though I am a Pirate King!

All. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!
King. And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!
All. It is! Hurrah for our Pirate King!

(*After Song, the* KING, SAMUEL, *and all the Pirates, except* FREDERIC *and* RUTH, *go off R. and R. U. E.* FREDERIC *comes down C, followed by* RUTH.)

Ruth. Oh take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

Fred. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I: a lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

Ruth. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

Fred. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough now. Ruth, tell me candidly and without reserve: compared with other women, how are *you?*

Ruth. I will answer you truthfully, master: I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

Fred. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women, are you beautiful?

Ruth (*bashfully*). I have been told so, dear master.

Fred. Ah, but lately?

Ruth. Oh no; years and years ago.

Fred. But what do you think yourself?

Ruth. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman.

Fred. That is your candid opinion?

Ruth. Yes: I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

Fred. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure you would not practise on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if—I say, *if*—you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union. (*Shakes hands with her.*)

(*Chorus of girls heard in the extreme distance, "Climbing over rocky mountains," etc. See entrance of girls.*)

Fred. Hark! surely I hear voices. Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be custom-house? No, it does not sound like custom-house.

Ruth (*aside*). Confusion! It is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

Fred. (*climbing rocky arch R. C. and looking off L.*) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

Ruth (*aside*). Lost! lost! lost!

Fred. How lovely, how surpassingly lovely, is the plainest of them! What grace! what delicacy! what refinement! and Ruth—Ruth told me she was beautiful!

RECIT.

Fred. Oh false one, you have deceived me!
Ruth. I have deceived you?
Fred. Yes, deceived me! (*Denouncing her.*)

DUET—FREDERIC *and* RUTH

Fred. You told me you were fair as gold.
Ruth (*wildly*). And, master, am I not so?
Fred. And now I see you're plain and old.
Ruth. I am sure I am not a jot so.
Fred. Upon my innocence you play.
Ruth. I'm not the one to plot so.
Fred. Your face is lined, your hair is gray.
Ruth. It's gradually got so.
Fred. Faithless woman, to deceive me!—I who trusted so!
Ruth. Master, master, do not leave me; hear me ere you go!

My love, without reflecting,
Oh do not be rejecting.
Take a maiden tender, her affection raw and green.

At very highest rating
Has been accumulating
Summers seventeen, summers seventeen.
Don't beloved master,
Crush me with disaster!
What is such a dower to the dower I have here?
My love, unabating,
Has been accumulating
Forty-seven year, forty-seven year!

ENSEMBLE

RUTH	FRED.
Don't, beloved master, Crush me with disaster, etc. What is such a dower to the dower I have here? etc.	Yes, your former master Saves you from disaster. Your love would be uncomfortably fervid, it is clear, If, as you are stating, It's been accumulating Forty-seven year, forty-seven year!

(*At the end he renounces her, and she goes off R. in despair.*)

RECIT.—FRED.

What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens I dare not show in this alarming costume. No, no, I must remain in close concealment until I can appear in decent clothing. (*Exit R.*)

(*Hides in cave as they enter from R. and L., climbing over the rocks at L. of the stage and through arched rock R.*)

Fred. Climbing over rocky mountain,
Skipping rivulet and fountain,
Passing where the willows quiver
By the ever-rolling river,
Swollen with the summer rain;

Threading long and leafy mazes,
Dotted with unnumbered daisies,
Scaling rough and rugged passes,
Climb the hardy little lasses,
Till the bright seashore they gain.

Edith. Let us gayly tread the measure,
Make the most of fleeting pleasure,
Hail it as a true ally,
Though it perish by and by.

All. Hail it as a true ally,

Edith. Though it perish by and by.
Every moment brings a treasure
Of its own especial pleasure:
Though the moments quickly die,
Greet them gayly as they fly. (*Dance.*)

Kate. Far away from toil and care,
Revelling in fresh sea-air,
Here we live and reign alone,
In a world that's all our own.
Here, in this rocky den,
Far away from mortal men,
We'll be queens and make decrees:
They may honor them who please.

All. Let us gayly tread the measure, etc.

Kate. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are?

Edith. And I wonder where papa is! We have left him ever so far behind.

Isabel. Oh, he will be here presently. Remember, poor papa is not as young as we are, and we came over a rather difficult country.

Kate. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so entirely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

Isabel. Except the mermaids; it's the very place for mermaids——

Kate. Who are only human beings down to the waist——

Edith. And who can't be said, strictly, to set *foot* anywhere. Tails they may, but feet they *cannot.*

Kate. But what shall we do until papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon? (*All listen and come down.*)

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle?

All. Yes, yes—the very thing!

(*They prepare to carry out the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when* FREDERIC *comes forward from cave.*)

Fred. (*recitative*). Stop, ladies, pray!

All (*hopping on one foot*). A man!

Fred. I had intended
Not to intrude myself upon your notice
In this effective but alarming costume,
But under these peculiar circumstances it is my bounden duty to inform you
That your proceedings will not be unwitnessed.

Edith. But who are you, sir? Speak! (*All hopping.*)

Fred. I am a pirate!

All (*recoiling, hopping*). A pirate! Horror!

Fred. Ladies, do not shun me.
This evening I renounce my vile profession,
And to that end, O pure and peerless maidens,
O blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty,
I, sore of heart, implore your kind assistance.

Edith. How pitiful his tale!

Kate. How rare his beauty!

All. How pitiful his tale! how rare his beauty! (*Put on their shoes.*)

SONG—FREDERIC

Oh, is there not one maiden breast
Which does not feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to sense of duty?

Who would not give up willingly
All matrimonial ambition
To rescue such an one as I
From his unfortunate position? (*Crosses R.*)

All. Alas! there's not one maiden breast
Which seems to feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to sense of duty.

Fred. Oh, is there not one maiden here
Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all hope to disappear
Of ever winning man's affection?
To such an one, if such there be,
I swear, by heaven's arch above you,
If you will cast your eyes on me,
However plain you be, I'll love you.

All. Alas! there's not one maiden here
Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all hope to disappear
Of ever winning man's affection.

Fred. (*in despair*). Not one?

All. No, no, not one.

Fred. Not one?

All. No, no!

(MABEL *enters through arch R. C.*)

Mabel. Yes, one!

All. 'Tis Mabel!

Mabel. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

RECIT.—MABEL

O sisters, deaf to pity's name?
For shame!
It's true that he has gone astray.
But, pray,
Is that a reason good and true
Why you

Should all be deaf to pity's name?
For shame!

All (*aside*).
The question is, had he not been
A thing of beauty,
Would she be swayed by quite as keen
A sense of duty?

SOLO—MABEL

Poor wandering one,
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace;
Thy steps retrace;
Be not afraid.
Poor wandering one,
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find
True peace of mind,
Why, take it—it is thine.

All. Take heart; no danger lowers;
Take any heart—but ours!

Mabel. Take heart; fair days will shine.
Take any heart—take mine!

MABEL *and* FRED. *exit L.*

(MABEL *and* FRED. *go to mouth of cave L., and converse.* KATE *beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.*)

Edith What ought we to do,
Gentle sisters, say?
Propriety, we know,
Says we ought to stay,
While sympathy exclaims,
"Free them from your tether;
Play at other games;
Leave them here together."

Kate. Her case may any day
Be yours, my dear, or mine;
Let her make her hay
While the sun doth shine.
Let us compromise
(Our hearts are not of leather):
Let us shut our eyes
And talk about the weather.

(EDITH, KATE, *and girls retire up, and sit two and two, facing each other, in a line across the stage.*)

(CHATTERING CHORUS, *during which* FRED. *and* MABEL *fondle.*)

How beautifully blue the sky!
The glass is rising very high.
Continue fine I hope it may,
And yet it rained but yesterday:
To-morrow it may pour again
(I hear the country wants some rain)
Yet people say, I know not why,
That we shall have a warm July.

SOLO—MABEL

(*During this the girls continue their chatter* pianissimo, *but listening eagerly all the time.*)

Did ever maiden wake
From dream of homely duty
To find her daylight break
With such exceeding beauty?
Did ever maiden close
Her eyes on wakening sadness,
To dream of, Goodness knows,
How much exceeding gladness?

Edith. Ah yes, ah yes, this is exceeding gladness.

(FREDERIC *and* MABEL *turn and see that the girls are listening; detected, they continue their chatter*, forte.)

Girls. How beautifully blue the sky! etc., etc.

SOLO—FRED.

(*During this the girls continue their chatter*, pianissimo, *as before, but listening intently all the time.*)

Did ever pirate roll
His soul in guilty dreaming,
And wake to find that soul
With peace and virtue beaming?
Did ever pirate loathed
Forsake his hideous mission,
To find himself betrothed
To a lady of position?

Mabel. Ah yes, ah yes, I am a lady of position.

(MABEL *and* FRED. *turn as before. Girls resume their chatter*, forte.)

ENSEMBLE

MABEL	FRED.	GIRLS
Did ever maiden wake, etc.	Did ever pirate loathed, etc.	How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

RECIT.—FRED.

Stay; we must not lose our senses
Men who stick at no offences
Will anon be here.
Piracy their dreadful trade is;
Pray you get you hence, young ladies,
While the coast is clear.

Girls. No, we must not lose our senses,
If they stick at no offences.
We should not be here.
Piracy their dreadful trade is—
Nice companions for young ladies!
Let us disappear.

(*During this chorus the* PIRATES *enter stealthily from R. U. E., and form in a semicircle behind the girls. As the girls move to go off each* PIRATE *seizes a girl.*)

All. Too late!
Pirates. Ha! Ha!
All. Too late!
Ha! ha!
Pirates. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ENSEMBLE

PIRATES	LADIES
Now here's a first-rate opportunity	We have missed our opportunity
To get married with impunity,	Of escaping with impunity;
And indulge in the felicity	So farewell to the felicity
Of unbounded domesticity.	Of our maiden domesticity.
You shall quickly be parsonified,	We shall quickly be parsonified,
Conjugally matrimonified,	Conjugally matrimonified,
By a doctor of divinity	By a doctor of divinity
Who is located in this vicinity.	Who is located in this vicinity.

MABEL (*coming forward*), RECIT.

Hold, monsters! ere your private caravanserai
Proceeds against our will to wed us all,
Just bear in mind that we are wards in chancery,
And father is a Major-General!

Samuel.

We'd better pause, or dangers may befall;
Their father is a Major-General.

All the Ladies.

Yes, yes, he is a Major-General.

(*The Major-General has entered unnoticed on rock L. U. E.*)

General. Yes, I am a Major-General!
All. You are! Hurrah for the Major-General!

General. And it is a glorious thing to be a Major-General!
All. It is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

Song—Major-General

I am the very pattern of a modern major-general;
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral;
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical;
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical;
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news—
(*Bothered for next rhyme.*) Lot o' news—lot o' news—
(*Struck with an idea.*) With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse;
(*Joyfully.*) With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse!
All.
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse!
General.
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
I am the very model of a modern major-gineral!
All.
In short in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
He is the very model of a modern major-gineral!
General.
I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics; I've a pretty taste for paradox—
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus;
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies;
I know the croaking chorus from the "*Frogs* of Aristophanes";
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore—

(*Bothered for next rhyme.*) Din afore? din afore? din afore?—
(*Struck with an idea.*) And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, *Pinafore*,
(*Joyously.*) And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, *Pinafore.*
All.
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, *Pinafore.*
General.
Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonic cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
I am the very model of a modern major-gineral!
All.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
He is the very pattern of a modern major-gineral!
General.
In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin"—
When I can tell at sight a chassepot rifle from a javelin—
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat"—
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery—
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,—
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy—
(*Bothered for the rhyme.*) Strategy! strategy!—(*Struck with an idea.*)
(*Joyously.*) You'll say a better major-general has never *sat* agee.
All. We'll say a better major-general has never *sat* agee.
General.
For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral

I am the very model of a modern major-gineral!

All. But still, in learning vegetable, animal, and mineral
He is the very model of a modern major-gineral.

General. And now that I've introduced myself, I should like to have some idea of what's going on.

Kate. Oh, papa! we——

Samuel. Permit me; I'll explain it in two words: we propose to marry your daughters.

General. Dear me!

Girls. Against our wills, papa—against our wills!

General. Oh, but you mustn't do that. May I ask—this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it—what are you?

King. We are all single gentlemen.

General. Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?

King. No, nothing else.

Edith. Papa, don't believe them. They are pirates—the famous Pirates of Penzance!

General. The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard of them.

Mabel. Yes, all except this gentleman (*indicating* FREDERIC), who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to-day.

General. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

King. We object to major-generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point; we do not press it, we look over it.

General (*aside*). Ha! an idea! (*Aloud.*) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

King. Well, yes; that's the idea.

General. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

All the Pirates (*disgusted*). Oh, dash it all!

King. Here we are again!

General. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

King (*sighing*). Often.

General. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

King. I say, often.

All (*disgusted*). Often! often! often! (*Turning away.*)

General. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan? and you say "Orphan." As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

King. I didn't repeat the word "often."

General. Pardon me; you did indeed.

King. I only repeated it once.

General. True, but you repeated it.

King. But not often.

General. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan" did you mean "orphan," a person who has lost his parents, or "often," frequently?

King. Oh, I beg your pardon! I see you mean frequently.

General. Ah, you said "often" frequently.

King. No, only once.

General. Exactly, you said "often, frequently," only once.

Finale

Recit.—General

Oh, men of dark and dismal fate,
Forego your cruel employ;
Have pity on my lonely state—
I am an orphan boy!

King. An orphan boy?

General. An orphan boy!

Pirates. How sad! an orphan boy!

SOLO—GENERAL

These children whom you see
Are all that I can call my own.
Pirates. Poor fellow!
General. Take them away from me,
And I shall be indeed alone.
Pirates. Poor fellow!
General. If pity you can feel,
Leave me my sole remaining joy.
See, at your feet they kneel;
Your hearts you cannot steel
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy.
Pirates (*sobbing*). Poor fellow!
See, at our feet they kneel;
Our hearts we cannot steel
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy.
King. The orphan boy!
Sam. The orphan boy!
All. The lonely orphan boy! Poor fellow!

ENSEMBLE

GENERAL	GIRLS (*aside*)	PIRATES (*aside*)
I'm telling a terrible story,	He's telling a terrible story,	If he's telling a terrible story,
But it doesn't diminish my glory;	Which will tend to diminish his glory,	He shall die by a death that is gory—
For they would have taken my daughters	Though they would have taken his daughters	Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters
Over the billowy waters.	Over the billowy waters.	That ever were known in these waters;
If I hadn't in elegant diction	It's easy in elegant diction	And we'll finish his moral affliction

General	Girls (*aside*)	Pirates (*aside*)
Indulged in an innocent fiction,	To call it an innocent fiction,	By a very complete malediction,
Which is not in the same category	But it comes in the same category	As a compliment valedictory,
As telling a regular, terrible story.	As telling a regular, terrible story.	If he's telling a regular, terrible story.

King

Although our dark career
Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,
We rather think that we're
Not altogether void of feeling.
Although we live by strife,
We're always sorry to begin it,
For what we ask is life
Without a touch of poetry in it.

All (*kneeling*)

Hail, Poetry, thou heaven-born maid!
Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade.
Hail, flowing fount of sentiment!
All hail, divine emollient!

King

You may go, for you're at liberty; our pirate rules protect you,
And honorary members of our band we do elect you.

Samuel. For he is an orphan boy!
All. He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!
General. And it sometimes is a useful thing to be an orphan boy.
All. It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!
Hurrah for the orphan—
Mabel, etc. Oh, happy day! with joyous glee
We will away and married be!

General. Oh, happy day! with joyous glee
They will away and married be!
Mabel. Should it befall auspiciously,
My sisters all will bridesmaids be.
General. Should it befall auspiciously,
Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.
All. Oh, happy day! etc.

RECIT.—RUTH

Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!
Pirates. Yes, yes, remember Ruth who kneels before you.
Fred. Away, you did deceive me!
Pirates. Away! you did deceive him.
Ruth. Oh, do not leave me!
Pirates. Oh, do not leave her!
Fred. Away! you grieve me!
Pirates. Away! you grieve him!
Fred. I wish you'd leave me!
Pirates. We wish you'd leave him!

ENSEMBLE

Pray observe the magnanimity
We / They } display to lace and dimity.
Never was such opportunity
To get married with impunity;
But { we / they } give up the felicity
Of unbounded domesticity,
Though a doctor of divinity
Is located in this vicinity.

(GIRLS *and* GENERAL *go up rocks L. Group while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage R. and R. C. The* GENERAL *produces a British flag, and the* PIRATE KING [*in arched rock R. C.*] *produces a black flag with skull and cross-bones. Picture.*)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE.—*A ruined chapel by moonlight. Aisles C., R., and L., divided by pillars and arches; ruined Gothic windows at back.* GENERAL STANLEY *discovered seated R. C. pensively surrounded by his daughters.*

CHORUS

Oh dry the glistening tear
That dews that martial cheek;
Thy loving children hear,
In them thy comfort seek.
With sympathetic care
Their arms around thee creep,
For oh, they cannot bear
To see their father weep.

(*Enter* MABEL *and* FRED.)

SOLO—MABEL

Dear father, why leave your bed
At this untimely hour,
When happy daylight is dead
And darksome dangers lower?
See, Heaven has lit her lamp,
The midnight hour is past,
And the chilly night-air is damp,
The dew is falling fast.
Dear father, why leave your bed
When happy daylight is dead?

(FRED. *enters R. U. E. and down C.*)

Mabel. Oh, Frederic, cannot you reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve my father's sorrow?

Fred. I will try, dear Mabel, but why does he sit, night after night, in this draughty old ruin?

General. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches I described myself as an orphan, and I am no orphan. I came here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for the disgrace I have brought upon them.

Fred. But you forget, sir. You only bought the property a year ago, and the stucco on your baronial castle is scarcely dry.

General. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors; you cannot deny that. I don't know whose ancestors they *were*, but I know whose ancestors they *are*, and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase (if I may so describe myself) should have brought disgrace upon what I have no doubt was an unstained escutcheon.

Fred. Be comforted. Had you not acted as you did, these reckless men would assuredly have called in the nearest clergyman, and have married your large family on the spot.

General. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. At what time does your expedition march against these scoundrels?

Fred. At eleven, and before midnight I hope to have atoned for my involuntary association with these pestilent scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth.—And then, my Mabel, you will be mine!

General. Are your devoted followers at hand?

Fred. They are; they only wait my orders.

Recit.—General. Then, Frederic, let your escort lionhearted be summoned to receive a general's blessing ere they depart upon their dread adventure.

Fred. Dear sir, they come!

(*Enter Police, marching in single file from L., 2d E., and form in line, facing audience.*)

SONG—SERGEANT

When the foeman bares his steel—
All (*using their clubs as trumpets*). Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. We uncomfortable feel;
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. And we find the wisest thing—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. Is to slap our chests and sing—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. For when threatened with *emeutes*—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. And your heart is in your boots—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. There is nothing brings it round—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. Like the trumpet's martial sound—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra! etc.
All. Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!

MABEL (*from L., addressing* SERGEANT)

Go, ye heroes, go to glory!
Though you die in combat gory,
Ye shall live in song and story—
Go to immortality!
Go to death and go to slaughter;
Die, and every Cornish daughter
With her tears your graves shall water.
Go, ye heroes, go and die!
All. Go, ye heroes, go and die!
Sergeant. Though to us it's evident—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. These attentions are well meant—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. Such expressions don't appear—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!

Sergeant. Calculated men to cheer—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. Who are going to meet their fate—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. In a highly nervous state—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. Still, to us it's evident—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. These attentions are well meant—
All. Tarantara!
All. Yes, to them it's evident, etc., etc.

EDITH (*from R., addressing* SERGEANT)

Go, and do your best endeavor.
And before all links we sever
We will say farewell for ever—
Go to glory and the grave!
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,
False, unmerciful, and truthless;
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave.
All. Yes, your foes are fierce and ruthless, etc.

CHORUS OF POLICE

We observe too great a stress—
Tarantara! tarantara!
On the risks that on us press—
Tarantara!
And of reference a lack—
Tarantara! tarantara!
To our chance of coming back—
Tarantara!
Sergeant. Still, perhaps it would be wise—
Police. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. Not to harp or criticise—
All. Tarantara!

Sergeant. For it's very evident—
All. Tarántara! tarantara!
Sergeant. These attentions are well meant—
All. Tarantara!
All. Yes, to us it's evident
These attentions are well meant—
Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra! etc., etc.
Go, ye heroes, go to glory! etc., etc.
General. Away; away!
Police. (*Without moving.*) Yes, yes, we go!
General. These pirates slay.
Police. Yes, yes, we go.
General. Then do not stay.
Police. We go, we go.
General. Then why all this delay?
Police. All right! We go, we go!
Yes, forward on the foe!
Ho! ho! ho! ho!
We go, we go, we go!
Tarantara-ra-ra-ra!
General. Then forward on the foe!
All. Yes! forward!
Police. Yes! forward!
General. Yes! but you *don't* go!
Police. We go, we go, we go!
All. At last they really go! Tarantara-ra-ra!

ENSEMBLE

CHORUS OF ALL BUT POLICE

Go, and do your best endeavor,
And before all links we sever
We will say farewell for ever;
Go to glory and the grave!
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,

CHORUS OF POLICE

Such expressions don't appear—
Tarantara! tarantara!
Calculated men to cheer—
Tarantara!
Who are going to their fate—
Tarantara! tarantara!

CHORUS OF ALL BUT POLICE
False, unmerciful, and truthless!
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave, etc.

CHORUS OF POLICE
In a highly nervous state—
Tarantara!
We observe too great a stress—
Tarantara! tarantara!
On the risks that on us press—
Tarantara!
And of reference a lack—
Tarantara! tarantara!
To our chance of coming back—
Tarantara!

(MABEL *tears herself from* FRED., *and exits R., followed by her sisters, consoling her. The* GENERAL *and others follow the Police off L.* FREDERIC *remains alone.*)

RECIT.—FRED.

Now for the pirate's lair! Oh joy unbounded!
Oh sweet relief! oh rapture unexampled!
At last I may atone, in some slight measure,
For the repeated acts of theft and pillage
Of which, at a sense of duty's stern dictation,
I, circumstances' victim, have been guilty.

(*The* PIRATE KING *and* RUTH *appear at the window C., armed.*)

King. Young Frederic! (*Covering him with pistol.*)
Fred. Who calls?
King. Your late commander. (*Coming down.*)
Ruth. And I, your little Ruth! (*Covering him with pistol.*)
Fred. Oh, mad intruders!
How dare ye face me? Know ye not, rash ones,
That I have doomed you to extermination?

(KING *and* RUTH *hold a pistol to each ear.*)

King. Have mercy on us! Hear us ere you slaughter!

Fred. I do not think I ought to listen to you.
Yet, mercy should allay our stern resentment,
And so I will be merciful. Say on.

TRIO—RUTH, KING, *and* FRED.

When first you left our pirate fold
We tried to cheer our spirits faint,
According to our customs old,
With quips and quibbles quaint;
But all in vain the quips we heard;
We lay and sobbed upon the rocks.
Until to somebody occurred
A startling paradox.

Fred. A paradox?

King and Ruth (*laughing*). A paradox—
A most ingenious paradox.
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks
But none to beat this paradox.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

King. We knew your taste for curious quips,
For cranks and contradictions queer,
And with the laughter on our lips
We wished you there to hear.
We said, "If we could tell it him,
How Frederic would the joke enjoy!"
And so we've risked both life and limb
To tell it to our boy.

Fred. (*interested*). That paradox.

King and Ruth (*laughing*). That paradox,
That most ingenious paradox.
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,
But none to beat that paradox!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

CHANT—KING

For some ridiculous reason—to which, however, I've no desire to be disloyal—

Some person in authority—I don't know who; very likely the Astronomer-Royal—
Has decided that although for such a beastly month as February twenty-eight days as a general rule are plenty,
One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine-and-twenty.
Through some singular coincidence—I shouldn't be surprised if it were owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy—
You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born in leap-year on the twenty-ninth of February;
And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily discover,
That though you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you are only five and a little bit over!

Ruth and King. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

Fred. Dear me! Let's see: (*Counting on fingers.*)
Yes, yes,—with yours my figures do agree.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

(FREDERIC *more amused than any.*)

How quaint the ways of Paradox
At common sense she gayly mocks.
Though, counting in the usual way,
Years twenty-one I've been alive,
Yet, reckoning by my natal-day,
I am a little boy of five!

All. He is a little boy of five, ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

King. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ruth. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Fred. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
That paradox, etc.

(*All throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughing.*)

Fred. Upon my word, this is must curious,
Most absurdly whimsical. Five and a quarter!
No one would think it to look at me.

Ruth. You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared us. You would never have forgiven yourself when you discovered that you had killed two of your comrades.

Fred. My comrades?

King. I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your position. You were apprenticed to us——

Fred. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

King. No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday (*producing document*), and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five and a quarter.

Fred. You don't mean to say you are going to hold me to that?

King. No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the rest to your sense of duty.

Fred. (*wildly*). Don't put it on that footing. As I was merciful to you just now, be merciful to me. I implore you not to insist on the letter of your bond just as the cup of happiness is at my lips.

Ruth. We insist on nothing. We content ourselves with pointing out to you your duty.

Fred. Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling, I shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it, but duty is before all. At any cost, I will do my duty.

King. Bravely spoken! Come, you are one of us once more.

Fred. Lead on, I follow! (*Suddenly.*) Oh, horror!

King and Ruth. What is the matter?

Fred. Ought I to tell you? No! no! I cannot do it; and yet, as one of your band——

King. Speak out, I charge you, by that sense of conscientiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

Fred. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel——

King and Ruth. Yes! yes!

Fred. He escaped from you on the plea that he was an orphan?

King. He did.

Fred. It breaks my heart to betray the honored father of the girl I adore, but as your apprentice I have no alternative. It is my duty to tell you that General Stanley is no orphan.

King and Ruth. What?

Fred. More than that, he never was one!

King. Am I to understand that to save his contemptible life he dared to practise on our credulous simplicity? (Fred. *nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

Fred. But——

King. Not a word! he is doomed!

Trio

King *and* Ruth

Away! away! my heart's on fire;
I burn, this base deception to repay;
This very day my vengeance dire
Shall glut itself in gore.
Away! away!

Fred.

Away! away! ere I expire.
I find my duty hard to do to-day.
My heart is filled with anguish dire;
It strikes me to the core.
Away! away!

King. With falsehood foul
He tricked us of our brides;
Let vengeance howl—
The pirate so decides!
Our nature stern
He softened with his lies,
And in return
To-night the traitor dies.

All. Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!

Ruth. To-night he dies.
King. Yes, or early to-morrow.
Fred. His girls likewise?
Ruth. They will welter in sorrow!
King. The one soft spot—
Fred. In their natures they cherish;
Ruth. And all who plot—
King. To abuse it, shall perish.
All. Yes, all who plot
To abuse it, shall perish!
Away! away! etc.

(*Exeunt* KING *and* RUTH. FRED. *throws himself on a stone L. C. in blank despair. Enter* MABEL.)

RECIT.—MABEL

All is prepared; your gallant crew await you.
My Frederic in tears? It cannot be
That lion heart quails at the coming conflict?
Fred. No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure
Has just been made.
Mabel, my dearly-loved one,
I bound myself to serve the pirate captain
Until I reached my one-and-twentieth birthday.
Mabel. But you *are* twenty-one?
Fred. I've just discovered
That I was born in leap-year, and that birthday
Will not be reached by me till 1940.
Mabel. Oh horrible! catastrophe appalling!
Fred. And so farewell!
Mabel. No, no! Oh, Frederic, hear me!

DUET—MABEL *and* FRED.

Mabel. Stay, Frederic, stay!
They have no legal claim.
No shadow of a shame
Will fall upon thy name.

Stay, Frederic, stay!
Fred. Nay, Mabel, nay!
To-night I quit these walls.
The thought my soul appalls,
But when stern duty calls
I must obey!
Mabel. Stay, Frederic, stay!
Fred. Nay, Mabel, nay!
Mabel. They have no claim.
Fred. But duty's name!
The thought my soul appalls,
But when stern duty calls
I must obey!

BALLAD—MABEL

Oh leave me not to pine
Alone and desolate!
No fate seemed fair as mine—
No happiness so great—
And Nature day by day
Has sung in accents clear
This joyous roundelay,
"He loves thee—he is here!
Fa la! fa la! fa la!
He loves thee—he is here!"
Fred. Oh I must leave thee here,
In endless night to dream,
Where joy is dark and drear
And sorrow all supreme—
Where nature day by day
Will sing in altered tone
This weary roundelay,
"He loves thee—he is gone!
Fa la! fa la! fa la!
He loves thee—he is gone!"
In 1940 I of age shall be:

I'll then return and claim you, I declare it!

Mabel. It seems so long!

Fred. Swear that till then you will be true to me.

Mabel (*aside*). Yes, I'll be strong.

(*Aloud.*) By all the Stanleys dead and gone I swear it!

ENSEMBLE

Oh here is love, and here is truth,
And here is food for joyous laughter:
He / She } will be faithful to { his / her } sooth
Till we are wed, and ever after.

Fred. Farewell! Adieu!

Mabel. The same to you!

Both. Farewell! Adieu!

(FRED. *rushes to window and leaps out.*)

RECIT.—MABEL

(*Feeling pulse.*) Yes, I am brave! O family descent!
How great thy charm! thy sway how excellent!
Come one and all, undaunted men in blue,
A crisis now affairs are coming to.

(*Enter Police from R. I. E., marching in single file.*)

Sergeant. Though in body and in mind, tarantara! tarantara!
We are timidly inclined, tarantara!
And anything but blind, tarantara! tarantara!
To the danger that's behind, tarantara!
Yet, when the danger's near, tarantara! tarantara!
We manage to appear, tarantara!
As insensible to fear,
As anybody here, tarantara!
Tarantara! tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!

Mabel. Sergeant, approach. Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.

All. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

Mabel. No matter. He will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.

All. He has acted shamefully!

Mabel. You speak falsely; you know nothing about it. He has acted nobly!

All. He has acted nobly!

Mabel. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold; but if it was *his* duty to constitute himself my foe, it is likewise *my* duty to regard him in that light. He has done his duty; I will do mine. Go ye and do yours. (*Exit* MABEL *R. I. E.*)

All. Very well.

Sergeant. This is perplexing.

All. We cannot understand it at all.

Sergeant. Still, if he is actuated by a sense of duty——

All. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time, we repeat we cannot understand it.

Sergeant. No matter. Our course is clear; we must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to us all, but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

All. We should.

Sergeant. It is too late now.

All. It is.

SONG—SERGEANT

Sergeant. When a felon's not engaged in his employment—
All. His employment,
Sergeant. Or maturing his felonious little plans—
All. Little plans,
Sergeant. His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
All. –Cent enjoyment
Sergeant. Is just as great as any honest man's—
All. Honest man's.
Sergeant. Our feelings we with difficulty smother—
All. –Culty smother,

Sergeant. When constabulary duty's to be done—
All. To be done.
Sergeant. Ah, take one consideration with another—
All. With another.
Sergeant. A policeman's lot is not a happy one—
All. Happy one.
When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done—
The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one!
Sergeant. When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling—
All. Not a-burgling,
Sergeant. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime—
All. -Pied in crime,
Sergeant. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling—
All. Brook a-gurgling,
Sergeant. And listen to the merry village chime—
All. Village chime.
Sergeant. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—
All. On his mother,
Sergeant. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—
All. In the sun.
Sergeant. Ah, take one consideration with another—
All. With another,
Sergeant. The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
All. Happy one!
When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one!

CHORUS OF PIRATES OUTSIDE, IN THE DISTANCE

A rollicking band of pirates we,
Who, tired of tossing on the sea,

Are trying their hand at a burglaree
With weapons grim and gory!

Sergeant. Hush! hush! I hear them on the manor poaching!
With stealthy step the pirates are approaching.

CHORUS OF PIRATES RESUMED NEARER

We are not coming for plate or gold—
A story General Stanley told—
We seek a penalty fifty-fold
For General Stanley's story.

Police. They seek a penalty.

Pirates (*without*). Fifty-fold!
We seek a penalty fifty-fold!

All. We } seek a penalty fifty-fold
They } for General Stanley's story.

Police. They come in force,
With stealthy stride;
Our obvious course
Is now to hide.

(*Police conceal themselves in aisle L. As they do so the Pirates, with* RUTH *and* FREDERIC, *are seen appearing at ruined window S. They enter cautiously, and come down stage on tiptoe. The* KING *is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc., etc.*)

CHORUS—PIRATES

(*Very loud.*)
With cat-like tread
Upon our prey we steal—
In silence dread
Our cautious way we feel.

Police (*pianissimo*). Tarantara! Tarantara!

Pirates. No sound at all:
We never speak a word;
A fly's footfall
Would be distinctly heard.

Police. Tarantara! tarantara!
Pirates. Ha! ha!
Ho! ho!
So stealthily the pirate creeps
While all the household soundly sleeps.
Gurr! gurr!
Gurr! gurr! (*Imitating snoring.*)
Police (*pianissimo*). Tarantara! Tarantara!
(*forte*). Tarantara!
Pirates. Come friends, who plough the sea,
Truce to navigation;
Take another station;
Let us vary piracy
With a little burglary!
Samuel. Here's your crowbar
And your centre-bit;
Your life-preserver—
You may want to hit!
Your silent matches,
Your dark-lantern seize;
Take your file and your skeleton keys!
Pirates. With catlike tread, etc.
Police. Tarantara, tarantara, etc.

RECIT.—FRED.

Hush! not a word! I see a light inside.
(*Looks through keyhole L.*)
The major-general comes, so quickly hide.

Major-General (*without*). Yes, yes, the major-general comes.

Pirates. He comes!

Major-General (*entering in dressing-gown, carrying light*). Yes, yes, I come!

Police. He comes!

Major-General. Yes, yes, I come.

All. The major-general comes!

SOLO—GENERAL

Tormented with the anguish dread
Of falsehood unatoned,
I lay upon my sleepless bed,
And tossed and turned and groaned.
The man who finds his conscience ache
No peace at all enjoys;
And as I lay in bed awake
I thought I heard a noise.

Pirates. He thought he heard a noise!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Police. He thought he heard a noise!
Tarantara-ra-ra!

General. No, all is still
In dale, on hill;
My mind is set at ease.
So still the scene
It might have been
The sighing of the breeze.

BALLAD—GENERAL

Sighing softly to the river
Comes the lonely breeze,
Setting Nature all a-quiver,
Rustling through the trees,

All. Through the trees.

General. And the brook in rippling measure
Laughs for very love,
While the poplars in their pleasure
Wave their arms above.

Police and Pirates.
Yes, the trees for very love
Wave their leafy arms above.
River, river, little river!
May thy loving prosper ever!
Heaven speed the poplar tree!
May thy wooing happy be!

General. Yes, the breeze is but a rover!
When he wings away,
Brook and poplar mourn a lover,
Sighing "Well-a-day!"
All. Well-a-day!
General. Ah, the doing and undoing
That the rogue could tell!
When the breeze is out a-wooing,
Who can woo so well?
Police and Pirates.
Shocking tales the rogue could tell,
Nobody can woo so well!
Pretty brook, thy dream is over,
For thy love is but a rover.
Sad the lot of poplar trees
Courted by a fickle breeze!

(*Enter the* General's *daughters, led by* Mabel, *all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and carrying candles.*)

Girls. Now, what is this? and what is that? and why does father leave his rest
At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?
Dear father is, and always was, the most methodical of men;
It's his invariable rule to go to bed at half-past ten.
What strange occurrence can it be that calls dear father from his rest
At such a time of night as this, so very, so very incompletely dressed?

King (*springing up*). Forward, my men, and seize that general there! His life is over.

General. The pirates! Oh, despair!

Mabel and Girls. The pirates! the pirates! Oh, despair!

Pirates. Yes, yes, we are the pirates, so despair!

General. Frederic here? Oh joy! oh rapture!— Summon your men and effect their capture.

Mabel. Frederic, save us!

Fred. Beautiful Mabel,
I would if I could, but I am not able.
Pirates. He's telling the truth; he is not able.

(*They seize the* GENERAL.)

King. With base deceit
You worked upon our feelings;
Revenge is sweet,
And flavors all our dealings.
With courage rare,
And resolution manly,
For death prepare,
Unhappy General Stanley!

Fred. (*coming forward*). Alas! alas! unhappy General Stanley!

Police (*pianissimo*). Tarantara! tarantara!

(*They bind the* GENERAL *to broken pillar C.*)

Mabel (*wildly*). Is he to die, unshriven and unannealed?
Girls. Oh, spare him!
Mabel. Will no one in his cause a weapon wield?
Girls. Oh, spare him!
Police (*springing up*). Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed.
Girls. Oh, rapture!
Police. So to our powers, pirates, quickly yield!
Girls. Oh, rapture!

(*A struggle ensues between* PIRATES *and* POLICE, RUTH *tackling* SERGEANT. *Eventually the* POLICE *are overcome and fall prostrate, the* PIRATES *standing over them with drawn swords.*)

PIRATES
We triumph now, for well we trow
Your mortal career's cut short;

POLICE
You triumph now, for well we trow
Our mortal career's cut short;

PIRATES

No pirate band will take its stand
At the Central Criminal Court.

POLICE

No pirate band will take its stand
At the Central Criminal Court.

General.

To gain a brief advantage you've contrived,
But your proud triumph will not be long-lived!

King. Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game.

Sergeant.

On your allegiance we've a stronger claim:
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!

King (*baffled*). You do?

Police. We do! We charge you yield in Queen Victoria's name!

(PIRATES *kneel;* POLICE *stand over them triumphantly.*)

King.

We yield at once with humbled mien,
Because, with all our faults, we love our queen.

Police.

Yes, yes, with all their faults they love their queen.

(POLICE, *holding* PIRATES *by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.*)

General. Away with them, and place them at the bar!

Ruth. One moment; let me tell you who they are.
They are no members of the common throng;
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.

General, Police, and Girls. What! *All* noblemen?

King and Pirates. Yes, *all* noblemen!

General, Police, and Girls. What! All?

King. Well, nearly all.

General. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers!

(*All kneel.*)

RECIT.—GENERAL

I pray you pardon me, ex-pirate king;
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.
Resume your ranks and legislative duties,
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

(*All rise. Each* PIRATE *takes a Girl.*)

FINALE

Ruth. At length we are provided, with unusual facility,
To change piratic crime for dignified respectability.
King. Combined, I needn't say, with the unparalleled felicity
Of what we have been longing for—unbounded domesticity.
Mabel. To-morrow morning early we will quickly be parsonified—
Hymeneally coupled, conjugally matrimonified.
Sergeant. And this shall be accomplished by that doctor of divinity
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
Chorus. Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
General. My military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still, in getting off my daughters—eight or nine or ten in all—
I've shown myself the model of a modern major-general,
All. His military knowledge, etc.

(*Dance.*)

CURTAIN

IOLANTHE

or, The Peer and the Peri

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Strephon
The Earl of Mount Ararat
The Earl of Tolloller
Private Willis
The Train-Bearer
and
The Lord Chancellor
Chorus of Peers
Iolanthe
The Fairy Queen
Celia
Leila
Fleta
Phyllis
Chorus of Fairies

ACT I—*An Arcadian Landscape*

ACT II—*The Palace Yard, Westminster, at Night*

ACT I

SCENE.—*An Arcadian Landscape. A river runs across the back of the stage.*

(*Enter Fairies, led by* LEILA, CELIA, FLETA. *They trip across the stage, singing as they dance.*)

CHORUS

Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither,
We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring.

SOLO—CELIA

We are dainty little fairies,
  Ever singing, ever dancing;
We indulge in our vagaries
  In a fashion most entrancing.
If you ask the special function
  Of our never-ceasing motion,
We reply, without compunction,
  That we haven't any notion.
No, we haven't any notion.
Cho. Tripping hither, etc.

SOLO—LEILA

If you ask us how we live,
Lovers all essentials give:
We can ride on lovers' sighs,
Warm ourselves in lovers' eyes,
Bathe ourselves in lovers' tears,
Clothe ourselves in lovers' fears,
Arm ourselves with lovers' darts,
Hide ourselves in lovers' hearts.

When you know us, you'll discover
That we almost live on lover.

Cho. Tripping hither, etc.

(*At the end of the chorus all sigh wearily.*)

Celia. Ah, it's all very well, but since our queen banished Iolanthe, fairy revels have not been what they were.

Leila. Iolanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

Fleta. To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

Leila. Something awful: she married a mortal.

Fleta. Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

Leila. Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

Celia. But Iolanthe didn't die.

(*Enter* Queen of the Fairies.)

Queen. No, because your queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

Leila. And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

Queen. Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of that stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

Leila. To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

Queen. And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any

peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

Fleta. Then why not summon her and ask her?

Queen. Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

Celia. Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! It's a long time.

Leila. Think how we loved her!

Queen. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

Leila. She certainly did surprising things.

Fleta. Oh, give her back to us, great queen—for your sake, if not for ours. (*All kneel in supplication.*)

Queen (*irresolute*). Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And—— Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

INVOCATION

Queen. Iolanthe!
All. From thy dark exile thou art summoned;
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!

(IOLANTHE *rises from the water. She is clad in tattered and sombre garments. She approaches the* QUEEN *with head bent and arms crossed.*)

Io. With humble breast,
And every hope laid low,
To thy behest,
Offended queen, I bow.

Queen. For a dark sin against our fairy laws
We sent thee into lifelong banishment;
But Mercy holds her sway within our hearts:
Rise, thou art pardoned!

Io. Pardoned?

All. Pardoned!

Io. Ah!

(*Her rags fall from her, and she appears clothed as a fairy. The* QUEEN *places a diamond coronet on her head and embraces her. The others also embrace her.*)

Cho. Welcome to our hearts again,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
We have shared thy bitter pain,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
Every heart and every hand
In our loving little band
Welcomes thee to Fairyland,
Iolanthe!

Queen. And now tell me: with all the world to choose from, why on earth did you decide to live at the bottom of that stream?

Io. To be near my son, Strephon.

Queen. Your son! Bless my heart! I didn't know you had a son.

Io. He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even know of his father's existence.

Fleta. How old is he?

Io. Twenty-four.

Leila. Twenty-four! No one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four? But of course that's one of

the advantages of being immortal—we never grow old. Is he pretty?

Io. He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.

All (*disappointed*). Oh!

Queen. I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.

Celia. And what is he?

Io. He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a ward in Chancery.

Celia. A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!

Io. He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal.

Celia. Dear me!

Queen. I have no reason to suppose that I am more curious than other people, but I confess I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs are mortal.

Io. Nothing easier, for here he comes.

(*Enter* STREPHON, *singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet. He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.*)

SONG—STREPHON

Good-morrow, good mother;
Good mother, good-morrow!
By some means or other
Pray banish your sorrow!
With joy beyond telling
My bosom is swelling,
So join in a measure
Expressive of pleasure,
For I'm to be married to-day, to-day—
Yes, I'm to be married to-day.
Cho. Yes, he's to be married to-day, to-day—
Yes, he's to be married to-day.

Io. Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis?

Streph. Not he, indeed! To all my tearful prayers he

answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadee, with flageolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get out. A servile usher then, in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her to-day, and brave the upshot, be what it may!—(*Sees Fairies.*) But who are these?

Io. Oh, Strephon, rejoice with me; my queen has pardoned me!

Streph. Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed!

Io. And these ladies are my beloved sisters.

Streph. Your sisters? Then they are my aunts (*kneels*).

Queen. A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding-day!

Streph. Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

Leila. Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

Streph. Much good? It's the curse of my existence! What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half, I really don't know.

Queen. I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

Io. A fairy member! That would be delightful.

Streph. I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

Queen. Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

Streph. (*bowing*). I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

Queen. No; we are fairies down to the feet.

ENSEMBLE

Queen. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.
Fairies. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.
Queen. Shouldst thou be in doubt or danger,
Peril or perplexitee,
Call us, and we'll come to thee—
Fairies. Call us, and we'll come to thee.
Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither,
We must now be taking wing
To another fairy ring.

(*Fairies and* QUEEN *trip off*, IOLANTHE, *who takes an affectionate farewell of her son, going off last.*)

(*Enter* PHYLLIS, *singing and dancing, and accompanying herself on a flageolet.*)

SONG—PHYLLIS

Good-morrow, good lover;
Good lover, good-morrow!
I prithee discover,
Steal, purchase, or borrow,

Some means of concealing
The care you are feeling,
And join in a measure
Expressive of pleasure;
For we're to be married to-day, to-day—
For we're to be married to-day.

Both. Yes, we're to be married, etc.

Streph. My Phyllis! And to-day we're to be made happy forever!

Phyl. Well, we're to be married.

Streph. It's the same thing.

Phyl. Well, I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step we're taking. I believe it's penal servitude for life to marry a ward of court without the Lord Chancellor's consent. I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?

Streph. Two years! You can't have seen yourself. Here, look at that (*offering mirror*), and tell me if you think it's reasonable to expect me to wait two years?

Phyl. No; you're quite right; it's asking too much—one must be reasonable.

Streph. Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.

Phyl. Yes, he's a clever old gentleman.

Streph. As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

Phyl. The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.

Streph. Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

DUET—PHYLLIS *and* STREPHON

Phyl. None shall part us from each other;
One in love and life are we—
All in all to one another,
I to thee and thou to me.

PHYLLIS	STREPHON
Thou the tree, and I the flower;	I the tree, and thou the flower;
Thou the idol, I the throng;	I the idol, thou the throng;
Thou the day, and I the hour;	I the day, and thou the hour;
Thou the singer, I the song;	I the singer, thou the song;
Thou the stream, and I the willow;	I the stream, and thou the willow;
Thou the sculptor, I the clay;	I the sculptor, thou the clay;
Thou the ocean, I the billow;	I the ocean, thou the billow;
Thou the sunrise, I the day.	I the sunrise, thou the day.

Phyl. Ever thine since that fond meeting,
When in joy I woke to find
Thine the heart within me beating—
Mine the love that heart enshrined.

PHYLLIS	STREPHON
Thou the tree, and I the flower;	I the tree, and thou the flower;
Thou the idol, I the throng;	I the idol, thou the throng;
Thou the day, and I the hour;	I the day, and thou the hour;
Thou the singer, I the song;	I the singer, thou the song;
Thou the stream, and I the willow;	I the stream, and thou the willow;
Thou the sculptor, I the clay;	I the sculptor, thou the clay;
Thou the ocean, I the billow;	I the ocean, thou the billow;
Thou the sunrise, I the day.	I the sunrise, thou the day.

(*Exeunt* STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS.)

(*March.—Enter procession of Peers, headed by the* Earl of Mount Ararat *and* Earl of Tolloller.)

Chorus

Loudly let the trumpet bray—
Tantantara!
Gayly bang the sounding brasses—
Tzing!
As upon its lordly way
This unique procession passes!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
Bow, ye lower, middle classes!
Bow, ye tradesmen! bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!

(*Enter the* Lord Chancellor, *followed by his train-bearer.*)

Song—Lord Chancellor

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent:
It has no kind of fault or flaw;
And I, my lords, embody the law.
The constitutional guardian I
Of pretty young wards in Chancery.
All are agreeable girls, and none
Are over the age of twenty-one.
A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor!
All. A pleasant, etc.

But, though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,

It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side;
For I'm not so old and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again;
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords
If I fell in love with one of my wards;
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!

All. Which rather, etc.

And every one who'd marry a ward
Must come to me for my accord;
And in my court I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away—
With one for him, and one for he,
And one for you, and one for ye,
And one for thou, and one for thee;
But never, oh never, a one for me;
Which is exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!

All. Which is, etc.

(*Enter* Lord Tolloller.)

Ld. Toll. And now, my lord, suppose we proceed to the business of the day?

Ld. Chan. By all means. Phyllis, who is a ward of court, has so powerfully affected your lordships that you have appealed to me in a body to give her to whichever one of you she may think proper to select; and a noble lord has gone to her cottage to request her immediate attendance. It would be idle to deny that I, myself, have the misfortune to be singularly attracted by this young person. My regard for her is rapidly undermining my constitution. Three months ago I was a stout man. I need say no more. If I could reconcile it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly award her to myself, for I can conscientiously say that I know no man who is so well fitted to render her exceptionally happy. But such an award would be open to miscon-

struction, and therefore, at whatever personal inconvenience, I waive my claim.

Ld. Toll. My lord, I desire, on the part of this House, to express its sincere sympathy with your lordship's most painful position.

Ld. Chan. I thank your lordships. The feelings of a Lord Chancellor who is in love with a ward of court are not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give his own consent to his own marriage with his own ward? Can he marry his own ward without his own consent? And if he marries his own ward without his own consent, can he commit himself for contempt of his own court? Can he appear by counsel before himself to move for arrest of his own judgment? Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woolsack which is stuffed with such thorns as these.

(*Enter* Lord Mount Ararat.)

Ld. Mount. My lords, I have the pleasure to inform your lordships that I have succeeded in persuading the young lady to present herself at the bar of this House.

(*Enter* Phyllis.)

Recitative—Phyllis

My well-loved lord and guardian dear,
You summoned me, and I am here.

Cho. of Peers.

Oh, rapture! how beautiful!
How gentle! how dutiful!

Solo—Lord Tolloller

Of all the young ladies I know,
This pretty young lady's the fairest;
Her lips have the rosiest show,
Her eyes are the richest and rarest.
Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But of birth and position I've plenty;

I've grammar and spelling for two,
And blood and behavior for twenty.
Cho. Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But he's grammar and spelling for two;
Of birth and position he's plenty,
With blood and behavior for twenty.

SOLO—EARL OF MOUNT ARARAT

Though the views of the House have diverged
On every conceivable motion,
All questions of party are merged
In a frenzy of love and devotion.
If you ask us distinctly to say
What party we claim to belong to,
We reply, without doubt or delay,
The party I'm singing this song to.

Cho. If you ask us distinctly to say,
We reply, without doubt or delay,
That the party we claim to belong to
Is the party we're singing this song to.

SOLO—PHYLLIS

I'm very much pained to refuse,
But I'll stick to my pipes and my tabors;
I can spell all the words that I use,
And my grammar's as good as my neighbor's.
As for birth, I was born like the rest;
My behavior is rustic, but hearty;
And I know where to turn for the best
When I want a particular party.

Cho. Though her station is none of the best,
We suppose she was born like the rest;
And she knows where to look for her hearty
When she wants a particular party.

Recitative—Phyllis

Phyl. Nay, tempt me not:
To wealth I'll not be bound:
In lowly cot
Alone is virtue found.

All. No, no, indeed; high rank will never hurt you:
The peerage is not destitute of virtue.

Ballad—Lord Tolloller

Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
High rank involves no shame;
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!
When virtuous love is sought,
Thy power is naught,
Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood! ah, blue blood.

Cho. When virtuous love, etc.

Spare us the bitter pain,
With stern denials,
Nor with low-born disdain
Augment our trials.
Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!
Of what avail art thou
To serve us now,

Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood? ah, blue blood!
Cho. Of what avail art thou, etc.

RECITATIVE—PHYLLIS

My lords, it may not be;
With grief my heart is riven;
You waste your words on me,
For, ah! my heart is given.
All. Given?
Phyl. Yes, given!
All. Oh, horror!

(RECITATIVE—LORD CHANCELLOR.)

And who has dared to brave our high displeasure,
And thus defy our definite command?

Enter STREPHON; PHYLLIS *rushes to his arms*

Streph.
'Tis I, young Strephon; mine the priceless treasure;
Against the world I claim my darling's hand.
All. Ah! rash one, tremble!
Streph. A shepherd I—
All. A shepherd he!
Streph. Of Arcady—
All. Of Arcadee!
Streph. and Phyl. Betrothed are we!
All. Betrothed are they—
Streph. and Phyl. And mean to be
Espoused to-day.

ENSEMBLE

STREPH.	THE OTHERS
A shepherd I	A shepherd he
Of Arcady;	Of Arcadee;
Betrothed are we	Betrothed is he,
And mean to be	And means to be
Espoused to-day.	Espoused to-day.

Ld. Chan. Ah! rash one, tremble!

DUET—LORD MOUNT *and* LORD TOLL. (*aside to Peers*).

'Neath this blow,
Worse than stab of dagger,
Though we mo-
mentarily stagger,
In each heart
Proud are we innately:
Let's depart,
Dignified and stately—
All. Let's depart,
Dignified and stately.

CHORUS OF PEERS

Though our hearts she's badly bruising
In another suitor choosing,
Let's pretend it's most amusing.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! tzing! boom!

(*Exeunt all the Peers, marching round stage with much dignity.* LORD CHANCELLOR *separates* PHYLLIS *from* STREPHON, *and orders her off. Manent* LORD CHANCELLOR *and* STREPHON.)

Ld. Chan. Now sir, what excuse have you to offer for having disobeyed an order of the court of Chancery?

Streph. My lord, I know no court of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains, and the mountains, cry, "You love this maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thunder-cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sodden sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my love, shall I reply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids it?" Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds and prince of thunder-clouds?

Ld. Chan. No. It's a nice point; I don't know that I ever met it before. But my difficulty is, that at present there's no evidence before the court that chorused Nature has interested herself in the matter.

Streph. No evidence? You have my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

Ld. Chan. Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

Streph. And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

Ld. Chan. Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.

SONG—LORD CHANCELLOR

When I went to the Bar as a very young man
(Said I to myself, said I),
I'll work on a new and original plan
(Said I to myself, said I):
I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief
Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief
Because his attorney has sent me a brief
(Said I to myself, said I).

I'll never throw dust in a juryman's eyes,
(Said I to myself, said I),
Or hoodwink a judge who is not over-wise
(Said I to myself, said I),
Or assume that the witnesses summoned in force
In Exchequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Divorce
Have perjured themselves as a matter of course
(Said I to myself, said I).
Ere I go into court I will read my brief through
(Said I to myself, said I),

And I'll never take work I'm unable to do
(Said I to myself, said I);
My learned profession I'll never disgrace
By taking a fee, with a grin on my face,
When I haven't been there to attend to the case
(Said I to myself, said I).
In other professions in which men engage
(Said I to myself, said I),
The Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Stage
(Said I to myself, said I),
Professional license, if carried too far,
Your chance of promotion will certainly mar;
And I fancy the rule might apply to the Bar
(Said I to myself, said I).

(*Exit* Lord Chancellor.)

(*To* Strephon, *who is in tears, enters* Iolanthe.)

Streph. Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's too much! it is too much!

Io. My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?

Streph. My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chancellor has separated us forever!

Io. The Lord Chancellor!—(*Aside.*) Oh, if he did but know!

Streph. (*overhearing her*). If he did but know—what?

Io. No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power over you. Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him—down to the waist.

Streph. Yes, but from the waist downward he can commit me to prison for years. Of what avail is it that my body is free if my legs are working out seven years' penal servitude?

Io. True. But take heart; our queen has promised you her special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculiar case before her.

Streph My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe you?

FINALE

Quartette

(*As it commences the Peers appear at the back, advancing unseen and on tiptoe.* Mount Ararat *and* Tolloller *lead* Phyllis *between them, who listens in horror to what she hears.*)

Streph. (*to* Iolanthe).
When darkly looms the day,
And all is dull and gray,
To chase the gloom away
On thee I'll call.

Phyl. (*speaking aside to* Mount).
What was that?

Ld. Mount (*aside to* Phyllis).
I think I heard him say
That on a rainy day
To while the time away,
On her he'd call.

Cho. We think we heard him say, etc.

(Phyllis *much agitated at her lover's supposed faithlessness.*)

Io. (*to* Strephon).
When tempests wreck thy bark,
And all is drear and dark,
If thou shouldst need an ark,
I'll give thee one.

Phyl. (*speaking aside to* Tolloller).
What was that?

Ld. Toll. (*aside to* Phyllis).
I heard the minx remark
She'd meet him after dark
Inside St. James's Park,
And give him one.

Cho. We heard the minx remark, etc.

Io. The prospect's not so bad;
Thy heart, so sore and sad,
May very soon be glad
As summer sun;
But while the sky is dark,
And tempests wreck thy bark,
If thou shouldst need an ark,
I'll give thee one.

Phyl. (*revealing herself*).
Ah!

(IOLANTHE *and* STREPHON *much confused.*)
Oh, shameless one, tremble!
Nay, do not endeavor
Thy fault to dissemble;
We part, and forever.
I worshipped him blindly,
He worships another—

Streph. Attend to me kindly:
This lady's my mother.

Ld. Toll. This lady's his—*what?*

Streph. This lady's my mother.

Tenors. This lady's his—*what?*

Basses. He says she's his mother.

They point derisively to IOLANTHE, *laughing heartily at her. She clings for protection to* STREPHON

(*Enter* LORD CHANCELLOR; IOLANTHE *veils herself.*)

Ld. Chan.
What means this mirth unseemly
That shakes the listening earth?

Ld. Toll.
The joke is good, extremely,
And justifies our mirth.

Ld. Mount.
This gentleman is seen
With a maid of seventeen,
A-taking of his *dolce far niente;*

And wonders he'd achieve,
For he asks us to believe
She's his mother, and he's nearly five-and-twenty!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ld. Chan. (*sternly*).
Recollect yourself, I pray,
And be careful what you say;
As the ancient Romans said, *festina lente;*
For I really do not see
How so young a girl could be
The mother of a man of five-and-twenty.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Streph.
My lord, of evidence I have no dearth:
She is—has been—my mother from my birth.

BALLAD—STREPHON

In babyhood
Upon her lap I lay;
With infant food
She moistened my clay;
Had she withheld
The succor she supplied,
By hunger quelled
Your Strephon might have died.

Ld. Chan. (*much moved*).
Had that refreshment been denied,
Indeed our Strephon might have died.

All (*much affected*).
Had that refreshment been denied,
Indeed our Strephon might have died.

Ld. Mount.
But as she's not
His mother, it appears,
Why weep these hot,
Unnecessary tears?

And by what laws
Should we so joyously
Rejoice because
Our Strephon didn't die?
Oh, rather let us pipe our eye
Because our Strephon didn't die.

All. That's very true; let's pipe our eye
Because our Strephon didn't die. (*All weep.*)

(*Exit* IOLANTHE.)

Phyl. Go, trait'rous one; for ever we must part;
To one of you, my lords, I give my heart.

All. Oh, rapture!

Streph. Hear me, Phyllis, ere you leave me.

Phyl. Not a word; you did deceive me.

All. Not a word; you did deceive her!

BALLAD—PHYLLIS

For riches and rank I do not long;
Their pleasures are false and vain:
I gave up the love of a lordly throng
For the love of a simple swain;
But now that that simple swain's untrue,
With sorrowful heart I turn to you—
A heart that's aching,
Quaking, breaking,
As sorrowful hearts are wont to do.

The riches and rank that you befall
Are the only baits you use;
So the richest and rankiest of you all
My sorrowful heart shall choose.
As none are so noble, none so rich,
As this couple of lords, I'll find a niche
In my heart that's aching,
Quaking, breaking,
For one of you two; and I don't care which.

ENSEMBLE

Phyl. (*to* LDS. MOUNT *and* TOLL.).
To you I give my heart so rich.
Lds. Mount and Toll. (*puzzled*).
To which?
Phyl. I do not care.
To you I yield; it is my doom.
Lords. To whom?
Phyl. I'm not aware.
I'm yours for life, if you but choose.
Lords. She's whose?
Phyl. That's your affair.
I'll be a countess, shall I not?
Lords. Of what?
Phyl. I do not care.
Tenors. To them she gives her heart so rich.
Basses. To which?
Tenors. She won't declare.
Basses. To them she yields; it is her doom.
Tenors. To whom?
Basses. I'm not aware.
Tenors. She's theirs for life, if they but choose.
Basses. She's whose?
Tenors. That's her affair.
Basses. She'll be a countess, will she not?
Tenors. Of what?
Basses. We're not aware.
All. Lucky little lady!
Strephon's lot is shady;
Rank, it seems is vital;
"Countess" is the title;
But of what, I'm not aware.
Streph. Can I, inactive, see my fortune fade?
No, no!—
Mighty protectress, hasten to my aid!

(*Enter Fairies, tripping headed by* CELIA, LEILA, *and* FLETA, *and followed by* QUEEN.)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES

Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither;
Why you want us we don't know,
But you've summoned us, and so
Enter all the little fairies
To their usual tripping measure.
To oblige you all our care is;
Tell us, pray, what is your pleasure!

Streph. The lady of my love has caught me talking to another.

All. Oh, fie! Strephon is a rogue.

Streph. I tell her very plainly that the lady is my mother.

All. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Streph. She won't believe my statement, and declares we must be parted,
Because on a career of double-dealing I have started;
Then gives her hand to one of these, and leaves me broken-hearted.

All. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Queen.
Ah, cruel ones, to part two faithful lovers from each other!

All. Oh, fie! Strephon is a rogue.

Queen.
You've done him an injustice, for the lady is his mother.

All. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Ld. Chan.
That fable perhaps may serve his turn as well as any other.
(*Aside.*)
I didn't see her face, but if they fondled one another,
And she's but seventeen, I don't believe it was his mother.

All. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Ld. Toll. I've often had a use
For a thoroughbred excuse

Of a sudden (which is English for "*repente*"),
But of all I ever heard
This is much the most absurd,
For she's seventeen, and he is five-and-twenty.

Fairies. Tho' she is seventeen, and he is four- or five-and-twenty,
Oh fie! Strephon is no rogue.

Ld. Mount.
Now listen, pray, to me,
For this paradox will be
Carried, nobody at all *contradicente:*
Her age upon the date
Of his birth was minus eight,
If she's seventeen, and he's five-and-twenty.
He says she is his mother, and he's four- or five-and-twenty.

All. To say she is his mother is an utter bit of folly.
Oh fie! Strephon is a rogue.
Perhaps his brain is addled, and it's very melancholy;
Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!
I wouldn't say a word that could be construed as injurious,
But to find a mother younger than her son is very curious;
And that's the kind of mother that is usually spurious.
Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Ld. Chan. Go away, madam!
I should say, madam,
You display, madam,
Shocking taste.
It is rude, madam,
To intrude, madam,
With your brood, madam—
Brazen-faced!

You come here, madam,
Interfere, madam,
With a peer, madam
(I am one);

You're aware, madam,
What you dare, madam;
So take care, madam,
And begone!

ENSEMBLE

FAIRIES TO QUEEN

Let us stay, madam;
I should say, madam,
They display, madam,
Shocking taste.
It is rude, madam,
To allude, madam,
To your brood madam—
Brazen-faced!

We don't fear, madam,
Any peer, madam,
Though, my dear madam,
This is one.
They will stare, madam,
When aware, madam,
What they dare, madam—
What they've done!

PEERS

Go away, madam;
I should say, madam,
You display, madam,
Shocking taste.
It is rude, madam.
To intrude, madam,
With you brood, madam—
Brazen-faced!

You come here, madam,
Interfere, madam,
With a peer, madam
(I am one).
You're aware, madam,
What you dare, madam;
So take care, madam,
And begone!

Queen (*furious*). Bearded by these puny mortals,
I will launch from fairy portals
All the most terrific thunders
In my armory of wonders.

Phyl. (*aside*). Surely, these must be immortals.
Should they launch from fairy portals
All their most terrific wonders,
We should then repent our blunders.

Queen. Oh, Chancellor unwary,
It's highly necessary
Your tongue to teach
Respectful speech—
Your attitude to vary.

Your badinage so airy,
Your manner arbitrary,
Are out of place
When face to face
With an influential fairy.

All the Peers (*aside*). We never knew
We were speaking to
An influential fairy.

Ld. Chan. A plague on this vagary!
I'm in a nice quandary:
Of hasty tone
With dames unknown
I ought to be more chary.
It seems that she's a fairy
From Anderson's library.
And I took her for
The proprietor
Of a ladies' seminary.

All. He / We } took her for
The proprietor
Of a ladies' seminary.

Queen. When next your Houses do assemble
You may tremble.

Leila. Our wrath, when gentlemen offend us,
Is tremendous.

Celia. They meet, who underrate our calling
Doom appalling.

Queen. Take down our sentence as we speak it,
And he shall wreak it (*indicating* STREPHON).
Henceforth, Strephon, cast away
Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay,
Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
Into Parliament you go.

Fairies. Into Parliament he shall go.
Backed by our supreme authority,

He'll command a large majority.
Into Parliament he shall go.

Queen. In the Parliamentary hive,
Liberal or Conservative,
Whig, or Tory, I don't know;
But into Parliament you shall go.

Fairies. Into Parliament, etc.

Peers. Ah, spare us!

QUEEN (*speaking through music*)

Every bill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses.
You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse-and-salmon season;
He shall end the cherished rights
You enjoy on Wednesday nights;
He shall prick that annual blister,
Marriage with deceased wife's sister;
He shall offer to the many
Peerages at three a penny;
Titles shall ennoble then
All the common councilmen;
Earldoms shall be sold apart
Daily at the auction-mart;
Peers shall teem in Christendom,
And a duke's exalted station
Be attainable by competitive examination.

PEERS

Oh, horror!
But we'll dissemble
The coward fear that makes us tremble.

FAIRIES *and* PHYLLIS

Their horror
They can't dissemble,
Nor hide the fear that makes them tremble.

ENSEMBLE

PEERS

Young Strephon is the kind
of lout
We do not care a fig about
We cannot say
What evils may
Result in consequence;
But lordly vengeance will
pursue
All kinds of common people
who
Oppose our views,
Or boldly choose
To offer us offence.

He'd better fly at humble
game,
Or our forbearance he must
claim,
If he'd escape
In any shape
A very painful wrench.
Your powers we dauntlessly
pooh-pooh!
A dire revenge will fall on
you
If you besiege
Our high prestige
(The word "prestige" is
French).

FAIRIES, PHYL. *and* STREPH.

With Strephon for your foe,
no doubt
A fearful prospect opens out;
And who shall say
What evils may
Result in consequence?
A hideous vengeance will
pursue
All noblemen who venture to
Oppose his views,
Or boldly choose
To offer him offence.

'Twill plunge them into grief
and shame;
His kind forbearance they
must claim
If they'd escape
In any shape
A very painful wrench.
Although our threats you
may pooh-pooh!
A dire revenge will fall on
you
Should he besiege
Your high prestige
(The word "prestige" is
French).

Peers. Our lordly style
You shall not quench
With base *canaille.*
Fairies. (That word is French.)

Peers. Distinction ebbs
Before a herd
Of vulgar *plebs.*
Fairies. (A Latin word.)
Peers. 'Twould fill with joy
And madness stark
The οἱ πολλοί
Fairies. (A Greek remark.)

Peers	Fairies
You needn't wait:	We will not wait;
Away you fly!	We go skyhigh;
Your threatened hate	Our threatened hate
We thus defy!	You won't defy.

Fairies. Your lordly style
We'll quickly quench
With base *canaille.*
Peers. (That word is French.)
Fairies. Distinction ebbs
Before a herd
Of vulgar *plebs.*
Peers. (A Latin word.)
Fairies. 'Twould fill with joy
And madness stark
The οἱ πολλοί
Peers. (A Greek remark.)

Peers	Fairies
You needn't wait:	We will not wait;
Away you fly!	We go skyhigh;
Your threatened hate	Our threatened hate
We thus defy!	You won't defy.

(*Peers and Fairies take attitudes of defiance.*)

Picture

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE.—*Palace Yard, Westminster, Westminster Hall, L.*
PRIVATE WILLIS *discovered on Sentry, R. Night*

SONG—WILLIS

When all night long a chap remains
On sentry-go, to chase monotony
He exercises of his brains;
That is, assuming that he's got any.
Though never nurtured in the lap
Of luxury, yet, I admonish you,
I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you.
I often think it's comical (fal, lal, la!)
How Nature always does contrive (fal, lal, la!)
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.
Fal, lal, la!

When in that house M.Ps. divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum too,
They've got to leave that brain outside
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
But then the prospect of a lot
Of dull M. Ps. in close proximity,
A-thinking for themselves, is what
No man can face with equanimity.
Then let's rejoice with loud fal, lal, fal, lal, la!
That Nature wisely does contrive (fal, lal, la!)
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal

Or else a little Conservative.
Fal, lal, la!

(*Enter Fairies, R., tripping and led by* Leila, Celia, *and* Fleta.)

Chorus

Strephon's a member of Parliament,
Carries every bill he chooses;
To his measures all assent,
Showing that fairies have their uses.
Whigs and Tories dim their glories,
Giving an ear to all his stories;
Lords and Commons are both in the blues;
Strephon makes them shake in their shoes—
Shake in their shoes—
Strephon makes them shake in their shoes!

(*Enter* Peers *from Westminster Hall.*)

Chorus of Peers

Strephon's a member of Parliament,
Running amuck of all abuses;
His unqualified assent
Somehow nobody refuses.
Whigs and Tories dim their glories,
Giving an ear to all his stories,
Carrying every bill he may wish;
Here's a pretty kettle of fish—
Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Chorus of Peers and Fairies.

Strephon's a member of Parliament—
Carries ev'ry bill he chooses;
To his measures all assent,
Carrying ev'ry bill he may wish—
Carrying ev'ry bill he may wish;
Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

(*Enter* Lords Tolloller *and* Mount Ararat.)

Ld. Mount. Perfectly disgraceful! disgusting!

Celia. You seem annoyed.

Ld. Mount. Annoyed! I should think so! Why, this ridiculous protégé of yours is playing the deuce with everything! To-night is the second reading of his bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination.

Ld. Toll. And he'll carry it, too!

Ld. Mount. Carry it? Of course he will. He's a Parliamentary Pickford—he carries everything.

Leila. Yes. If you please, that's our fault.

Ld. Mount. The deuce it is!

Celia. Yes; we influence the members, and compel them to vote just as he wishes them to.

Leila. It's our system; it shortens the debates.

Ld. Toll. Well, but think what it all means! I don't so much mind for myself, but with a House of Peers with no grandfathers worth mentioning the country must go to the dogs.

Leila. I suppose it must.

Ld. Mount. I don't want to say a word against brains—I've great respect for brains. I often wish I had some myself—but with a House of Peers composed exclusively of people of intellect, what's to become of the House of Commons?

Leila. I never thought of that.

Ld. Mount. This comes of women interfering in politics. It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers.

Song—Lord Mount

When Britain *really* ruled the waves
(In good Queen Bess's time)
The House of Peers made no pretence
To intellectual eminence
Or scholarship sublime;

Yet Britain won her proudest bays
In good Queen Bess's glorious days.
Cho. Yes, Britain won, etc.

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte.
As every child can tell,
The House of Peers throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well;
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days.
Cho. Yes, Britain set, etc.

And while the House of Peers withholds
Its legislative hand,
And noble statesmen do not itch
To interfere with matters which
They do not understand,
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in King George's glorious days.
Cho. As bright will shine, etc.

Exeunt Chorus of Peers. Manent Lords Mount Ararat *and* Tolloller, *and Fairies*

Leila (*who has been much attracted by the Peers during the song*). Charming persons, are they not?

Celia. Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me a British representative peer!

Ld. Toll. Then, pray, stop this protégé of yours before it's too late. Think of the mischief you're doing!

Leila (*crying*). But we *can't* stop him now.— (*Aside to* Celia.) Aren't they lovely?—(*Aloud.*) Oh, why did you defy us, you great geese?

Duet—Leila *and* Celia

Leila. In vain to us you plead—
Don't go;
Your prayers we do not heed—
Don't go.

It's true we sigh,
But don't suppose
A tearful eye
Forgiveness snows;
Oh, no!
We're very cross indeed—
Don't go!

All. It's true they sigh, etc.

Celia. Your disrespectful sneers—
Don't go!
Call forth indignant tears—
Don't go!
You break our laws,
You are our foe:
We cry because
We hate you so—
Oh, no!
You very wicked peers,
Don't go!

Fairies	Lords Mount. *and* Toll.
You break our laws,	Our disrespectful sneers—
You are our foe:	Ha! ha!
We cry because	
We hate you so—	Call forth indignant tears—
Oh, no!	Ha! ha!
You very wicked peers,	If that's the case, my dears,
Don't go!	We go!

(*Exeunt* Mount Ararat *and* Tolloller. *Fairies gaze wistfully after them. Enter* Fairy Queen.)

Queen. Oh, shame! shame upon you! Is this your fidelity to the laws you are bound to obey? Know ye not that it is death to marry a mortal?

Leila. Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal.

Fleta. If it were you'd have to execute us all.

Queen. Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!

Celia. We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so strong!

Leila. We are not all as tough as you are.

Queen. Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to the effect of manly beauty? Look at that man (*referring to* SENTRY). A perfect picture!—(*To* SENTRY.) Who are you, sir?

Sentry. Private Willis, B Company, First Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Queen. You're a fine fellow, sir.

Sentry. I am generally admired.

Queen. I can quite understand it.—(*To Fairies.*) Now, here is a man whose physical attributes are simply godlike. That man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I yielded to a natural impulse I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet. This is how I treat my regard for that man.

SONG—FAIRY QUEEN

Oh, foolish fay,
Think you, because
His brave array
My bosom thaws,
I'd disobey
Our fairy laws?
Because I fly
In realms above,
In tendency
To fall in love
Resemble I
The amorous dove?
(*Aside.*) Oh, amorous dove!
Type of Ovidius Naso!
This heart of mine
Is soft as thine,
Although I dare not say so.
Cho. Oh, amorous dove, etc.

On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the hose
Of common sense,
And out it goes
At small expense.
We must maintain
Our fairy law;
That is the main
On which to draw;
In that we gain
A Captain Shaw.
Oh, Captain Shaw!
Type of true love kept under!
Could thy brigade
With cold cascade

Quench my great love, I wonder?
Cho. Oh, Captain Shaw! etc.

(*Exeunt Fairies sorrowfully, headed by* Fairy Queen.)

(*Enter* Phyllis.)

Phyl. (*half crying*). I can't think why I'm not in better spirits. I'm engaged to two noblemen at once. That ought to be enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable. Don't suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate him! No girl would care for a man who goes about with a mother considerably younger than himself.

(*Enter* Lord Mount Ararat.)

Ld. Mount. Phyllis! my own!

Phyl. Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you are one of the noblemen I'm engaged to?

Ld. Mount. I'm one of them.

Phyl. Oh! But how came you to have a peerage?

Ld. Mount. It's a prize for being born first.

Phyl. Oh, I see—a kind of Derby cup.

Ld. Mount. Not at all. I'm of a very old and distinguished family.

Phyl. And you're proud of your race? Of course you are; you won it. But why are people made peers?

Ld. Mount. The principle is not easy to explain. I'll give you an example.

SONG—MOUNT ARARAT

De Belville was regarded as the Crichton of his age;
His tragedies were reckoned much too thoughtful for the stage;
His poems held a noble rank, although it's very true
That, being very proper, they were read by very few;
He was a famous painter, too, and shone upon the line,
And even Mr. Ruskin came and worshipped at his shrine;
But, alas! the school he followed was heroically high,
The kind of art men rave about, but very seldom buy;
And ev'rybody said,
"How can he be repaid—
This very great, this very good, this very gifted man?"
But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan.

He was a great inventor, and discovered, all alone,
A plan for making everybody's fortune but his own;
For in business an inventor's little better than a fool,
And my highly-gifted friend was no exception to the rule.
His poems—people read 'em in the sixpenny Reviews;
His pictures—they engraved 'em in the *Illustrated News;*
His inventions—they perhaps might have enriched him by degrees,
But all his little income went in Patent-Office fees.
So everybody said,
"How can he be repaid—
This very great, this very good, this very learned man?"
But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan.

At last the point was given up in absolute despair,
When a distant cousin died, and he became a millionaire,

With a county seat in Parliament and a moor or two of grouse,
And a taste for making inconvenient speeches in the House.
Then Government conferred on him the highest of rewards:
They took him from the Commons and they put him in the Lords.
And who so fit to sit in it—deny it if you can—
As this very great, this very good, and very gifted man?
Though I'm more than half afraid
That it sometimes may be said
That we never should have revelled in this source of proper pride,
However great his merits, if his cousin hadn't died.

(*Enter* Lord Tolloller, *L.*)

Ld. Toll. Phyllis! my darling! (*embraces her*).

Phyl. Here's the other! Well, have you settled which it's to be?

Ld. Toll. Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It would be hardly delicate to toss up. On the whole, we would rather leave it to you.

Phyl. How can it possibly concern me? You are both earls, and you are both rich, and you are both plain.

Ld. Mount. So we are. At least I am.

Ld. Toll. So am I.

Ld. Mount. No, no!

Ld. Toll. Oh, I am indeed very plain.

Ld. Mount. Well! well! perhaps you are.

Phyl. There's really nothing to choose between you. If one of you would forego his title and distribute his estates among his Irish tenantry, why, then I should see a reason for accepting the other. (Phyllis *retires up.*)

Ld. Mount. Tolloller, are you prepared to make this sacrifice?

Ld. Toll. No!

Ld. Mount. Not even to oblige a lady?

Ld. Toll. No!

Ld. Mount. Then the only question is, Which of us shall give way to the other? Perhaps on the whole, she would be happier with me? I don't know; I may be wrong.

Ld. Toll. No, I don't know that you are. I really think that she would. But the painful part of the thing is, that if you rob me of the girl of my heart, one of us must perish.

Ld. Mount. Again the question arises, Which shall it be? Do you feel inclined to make this sacrifice?

Ld. Toll. No!

Ld. Mount. Not even to oblige a gentleman?

Ld. Toll. Impossible! The Tollollers have invariably destroyed their successful rivals. It's a family tradition that I have sworn to respect.

Ld. Mount. I see. Did you swear it before a commissioner?

Ld. Toll. I did, on affidavit.

Ld. Mount. Then I don't see how you can help yourself.

Ld. Toll. It's a painful position, for I have a strong regard for you, George (*shake hands*).

Ld. Mount. (*much affected*). My dear Thomas!

Ld. Toll. You are very dear to me, George. We were boys together—at least *I* was. If I were to destroy you, my existence would be hopelessly embittered.

Ld. Mount. Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do it. I say it again and again: if it will have this effect on you, you must not do it. No, no! If one of us is to destroy the other, let it be me.

Ld. Toll. No, no!

Ld. Mount. Ah, yes! By our boyish friendship I implore you (*shake hands*).

Ld. Toll. (*much moved*). Well! well! be it so. But no, no! I cannot consent to an act which would crush you with unavailing remorse.

Ld. Mount. But it would not do so. I should be very sad at first—oh! who would not be?—but it would wear off. I like you very much (*shake hands*), but, not perhaps, as much as you like me.

Ld. Toll. George, you're a noble fellow, but that tell-tale tear betrays you. No, George, you are very fond of me, and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on my account.

Ld. Mount. But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week. Remember, you lead the House of Lords; on your demise I shall take your place. Oh, Thomas! it would not last a day!

Ld. Toll. It's very kind and thoughtful of you to look at it in that light, but there's no disguising it, George—we're in a very awkward position.

Phyl. (*coming down*). Now, I do hope you're not going to fight about me, because it really isn't worth while.

Ld. Toll. I don't believe it is.

Ld. Mount. Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are paramount. No consideration shall induce me to raise my hand against Thomas.

Ld. Toll. And in my eyes the life of George is more sacred than love itself.

QUARTETTE—PHYLLIS, LORD TOLLOLLER, LORD MOUNT, *and* SENTRY

Ld. Toll.
Tho' p'raps I may incur your blame,
The things are few I wouldn't do
In Friendship's name.

Ld. Mount.
I may say I feel the same;
Not even Love should rank above
True Friendship's name.

Phyl.
Then free me, pray; be mine the shame;
Forget your craze and go your ways,
In Friendship's name!

All.
Oh, many a man in Friendship's name
Has yielded fortune, rank, and fame,

But no one yet in the world so wide
Has yielded up a promised bride.
Accept, O Friendship, all the same,
Our sacrifice to thy dear name.

(*After Quartette, exeunt* PHYLLIS *and* LORDS TOLLOLLER *and* MOUNT ARARAT.)

(*Enter* LORD CHANCELLOR, *very miserable.*)

RECITATIVE

Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest;
Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers;
Love, nightmare-like, lies heavy on my breast,
And weaves itself into my midnight slumbers.

SONG—LORD CHANCELLOR

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is tabooed by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking;
Then your bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle.
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eyeballs and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing
like mad in a steamer from Harwich;
Which is something between a large bathing-machine and a
very small second-class carriage;
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a
party of friends and relations—
They're a ravenous horde, and they all come on board at
Sloane Square and South Kensington stations;
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who
started that morning from Devon);
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he
tells you he's only eleven.
Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-
bye, the ship's now a four-wheeler),
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names
when you tell him that "Ties pay the dealer;"
But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and
you find you're as cold as an icicle
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks),
crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle;
And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they have
somehow or other invested in—
And he's telling the tars all the particu*lars* of a company he's
interested in:
It's a scheme of devices to get at low prices all goods from
cough-mixtures to cables
(Which tickles the sailors) by treating retailers as though
they were all veget*a*bles.
You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first
take off his boots with a boot-tree),
And his legs will take root and his fingers will shoot, and
they'll blossom and spread like a fruit tree.
From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea,
cauliflowers, pineapples, and cranberries,
While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple
puffs, and three corners, and banberries.

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring;
And just a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing.
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck; and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you're needles and pins from your soles to your shins; and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep; and you've cramps in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto, my song—and thank Goodness they're both of them over!

(*During the last lines* Lords Mount Ararat *and* Tolloller *have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon the* Lord Chancellor's *distress. At the end of his song they come forward.*)

Ld. Mount. I am much distressed to see your lordship in this condition.

Ld. Chan. Ah, my lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe.

Ld. Toll. (*without enthusiasm*). Yes. In a way, it's an enviable position.

Ld. Mount. Oh, yes—no doubt most enviable. At the same time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, "This is very sad. His lordship is constitutionally as blithe as a bird—he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and gladness. His series of judgments in F sharp, given *andante* in six-eight time, are among the most remarkable effects ever produced in a court of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the

only living instance of a judge whose decrees have received the honor of a double encore. How can we bring ourselves to do that which will deprive the court of Chancery of one of its most attractive features?"

Ld. Chan. I feel the force of your remarks, but I cannot make up my mind to apply to myself again. I am here in a double capacity. Firstly, as a Lord Chancellor entrusted with the guardianship of this charming girl; and, secondly, as a suitor for her hand. In my latter capacity I am overawed by my dignity in my former capacity; I hesitate to approach myself—it unnerves me.

Ld. Toll. It's a difficult position. This is what it is to have two capacities. Let us be thankful that we are persons of no capacity whatever.

Ld. Mount. But take courage! Remember, you are a very just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no hesitation in approaching yourself, so that you do so respectfully and with a proper show of deference.

Ld. Chan. Do you really think so? Well, I will nerve myself to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to my fate.

TRIO—LORD CHANCELLOR, MOUNT ARARAT *and* TOLLOLLER

Ld. Mount.

If you go in
You're sure to win—
Yours will be the charming maidie;
Be your law
The ancient saw,
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

All.

Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
Every journey has an end;
When at the worst affairs will mend;
Dark the dawn when day is nigh;
Hustle your horse and don't say die.

Ld. Toll.

He who shies
At such a prize
Is not worth a maravedi;
Be so kind
To bear in mind,
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

All.

Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
While the sun shines make your hay;
Where a will is, there's a way;
Beard the lion in his lair;
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Ld. Chan.

I'll take heart
And make a start,
Though I fear the prospect's shady;
Much I'd spend
To gain my end—
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

All.

Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
Nothing venture, nothing win;
Blood is thick, but water's thin;
In for a penny, in for a pound;
It's love that makes the world go round.

(*Dance, and exeunt arm-in-arm together.*)

(*Enter* STREPHON.)

RECITATIVE

My bill has now been read a second time;
His ready vote no member now refuses;
In verity I wield a power sublime,
And one that I can turn to mighty uses.

What joy to carry, in the very teeth
Of Ministry, Cross-Bench, and Opposition,
Some rather urgent measures, quite beneath
The ken of patriot and politician!

SONG—STREPHON

Fold your flapping wings,
Soaring legislature!
Stoop to little things—
Stoop to human nature!
Never need to roam,
Members patriotic;
Let's begin at home—
Crime is no exotic.
Bitter is your bane,
Terrible your trials,
Dingy Drury Lane!
Soapless Seven Dials!

Take a tipsy lout
Gathered from the gutter,
Hustle him about,
Strap him to a shutter;
What am I but he,
Washed at hours stated,
Fed on filagree,
Taught and titivated?
He's a mark of scorn;
I might be another
If I had been born
Of a tipsy mother.

Take a wretched thief
Through the city sneaking
Pocket-handkerchief
Ever, ever seeking;
What is he but I
Robbed of all my chances,

Picking pockets by
Force of circumstances?
I might be as bad—
As unlucky, rather—
If I'd only had
Fagin for a father.

(Enter Phyllis.)

Phyl. (*starting*). Strephon!

Streph. (*starting*). Phyllis! But I suppose I should say, "My Lady." I have not yet been informed which title your ladyship has pleased to elect.

Phyl. I haven't quite decided. You see, *I* have nó *mother* to advise *me.*

Streph. No; I have.

Phyl. Yes, a *young* mother.

Streph. Not very—a couple of centuries or so.

Phyl. Oh, she wears well.

Streph. She does; she's a fairy.

Phyl. I beg your pardon—a what?

Streph. Oh, I've no longer any reason to conceal the fact—she's a fairy.

Phyl. A fairy! Well, but—that would account for a good many things. Then I suppose you're a fairy?

Streph. I'm half a fairy.

Phyl. Which half?

Streph. The upper half—down to the waistcoat.

Phyl. Dear me! (*prodding him with her fingers*). There is nothing to show it. But why didn't you tell me this before?

Streph. I thought you would take a dislike to me. But as it's all off, you may as well know the truth—I'm only half a mortal.

Phyl. (*crying*). But I'd rather have half a mortal I do love than half a dozen I don't.

Streph. Oh, I think not. Go to your half dozen.

Phyl. (*crying*). It's only two, and I hate 'em! Please forgive me.

Streph. I don't think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of difficulties will arise. You know my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

Phyl. I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady I shall know it's an elderly relative.

Streph. You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy (*embracing her*).

Phyl. We won't wait long before we marry; we might change our minds.

Streph. Yes—we'll get married first.

Phyl. And change our minds afterwards.

Streph. Yes, that's the usual course.

DUET—STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS

Streph. If we're weak enough to tarry
Ere we marry,
You and I,
Of the feeling I inspire
You may tire
By and by;
For peers with flowing coffers
Press their offers;
That is why
I think we will not tarry
Ere we marry,
You and I.

Phyl. If we're weak enough to tarry.
Ere we marry
You and I,
With a more attractive maiden,
Jewel-laden,
You may fly.
If by chance we should be parted,
Broken-hearted,
I should die:
That is why we will not tarry
Ere we marry,
You and I.

Phyl. But does your mother know you're—— I mean is she aware of our engagement?

(*Enter* IOLANTHE.)

Io. She is, and thus she welcomes her daughter-in-law (*kisses her*).

Phyl. She kisses just like other people! But the Lord Chancellor?

Streph. I had forgotten him.—Mother, none can resist your fairy eloquence. You will go to him and plead for us?

Io. (*aside*). Go to him?—(*Aloud*). No, no! impossible!

Streph. But our happiness, our very lives, depend upon our obtaining his consent.

Phyl. Oh, madam, you cannot refuse to do this?

Io. You know not what you ask? The Lord Chancellor is my husband!

Streph. and Phyl. Your husband?

Io. My husband and your father! (STREPHON *overcome.*)

Phyl. Then our course is plain. On his learning that Strephon is his son, all objections to our marriage will be at once removed.

Io. Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, under penalty of death, not to undeceive him. But see, he comes! Quick! my veil! (*Retires up.*)

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR. IOLANTHE *retires with* STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS

Ld. Chan. Victory! victory. Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues.

This was a great point gained. I then endeavored to work upon my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye! Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented.

(IOLANTHE *comes down*, STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS *going off.*)

But whom have we here?

RECITATIVE

Io. My lord a suppliant at your feet I kneel;
Oh, listen to a mother's fond appeal!
Hear me to-night; I come in urgent need.
'Tis for my son, young Strephon, that I plead.

BALLAD—IOLANTHE

He loves! If in the bygone years
Thine eyes have ever shed
Tears—bitter, unavailing tears—
For one untimely dead;
If in the eventide of life
Sad thoughts of her arise,—
Then let the memory of thy wife
Plead for my boy; he dies!
He dies! If, fondly laid aside
In some old cabinet,
Memorials of thy long-dead bride
Lie dearly treasured yet,
Then let her hallowed bridal dress,
Her little dainty gloves,
Her withered flowers, her faded tress,
Plead for my boy; he loves!

(*The* LORD CHANCELLOR *is moved by this appeal. After a pause—*)

Ld. Chan.
It may not be, for so the Fates decide:
Learn thou that Phyllis is my promised bride!

Io. (*in horror*).
Thy bride? no! no!
Ld. Chan. It shall be so.
Those who would separate us, woe betide!
Io. My doom thy lips have spoken—
I plead in vain.
Chorus of Fairies (*without*).
Forbear! forbear!
Io. A vow already broken
I break again.
Chorus of Fairies (*without*).
Forbear! forbear!
Io. For him—for her—for thee,
I yield my life!
Behold! it may not be—
I am thy wife!
Chorus of Fairies (*without*).
Aiaiah! aiaiah! willaloo?
Ld. Chan. (*recognising her*).
Iolanthe! thou livest?
Io. Ay,
I live! Now let me die!

(*Enter* Fairy Queen *and Fairies.* Iolanthe *kneels to her.*)

Queen. Once more thy vows are broken:
Thou thyself thy doom hath spoken.
Chorus of Fairies. Aiaiah! aiaiah!
Willahalah! willaloo!
Laloiah! laloiah!
Willahalah! willaloo!
Queen. Bow thy head to destiny:
Death's thy doom, and thou shalt die!
Chorus of Fairies. Aiaiah! aiaiah! etc.

(*The Peers and* Strephon *enter. The* Queen *raises her spear.* Lord Chancellor *and* Strephon *implore her mercy,* Leila *and* Celia *rush forward.*)

Leila. Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.

Queen. What? (*Peers and Fairies kneel to her*—Lord Mount Ararat *with* Leila; Lord Tolloller *with* Celia.

Celia. We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses.

Ld. Mount. It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

Queen. It seems they *have* helped themselves, and pretty freely too!—(*After a pause.*) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (*unfolding a scroll*) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

Ld. Chan. Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *don't* marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

Queen. We like your humour. Very well. (*Altering the MS. in pencil.*)—Private Willis!

Sentry (*coming forward*). Ma'am!

Queen. To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?

Sentry. Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a female in distress.

Queen. You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment. (*Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.*)—And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

(*Fairies kneel to Peers, and implore them to do so.*)

Ld. Mount. (*to* Tolloller). Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see what use *we* are down here.

Ld. Toll. None, whatever.

Queen. Good! (*Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.*) Then away we go to Fairyland!

FINALE

Phyl. Soon as we may
Off and away,
We will start our journey airy;
Happy are we,
As you can see;
Every one is now a fairy.

PHYLLIS, IOLANTHE *and* QUEEN

Tho', as a general rule, we know
Two strings go to every bow,
Make up your mind that grief 'twill bring
If you've two beaux to every string.
CHO.—Tho', as a general rule, etc.

Ld. Chan. Up in the sky
Ever so high,
Pleasures come in endless series;
Let us arrange
Pleasant exchange—
House of Peers for House of Peris.

TRIO—LORD TOLLOLLER, LORD MOUNT ARARAT, *and* LORD CHANCELLOR

Up in the air sky high,
Far from wards in Chancery,
He will be surely happier, far,
For he's such a susceptible Chancellor.
CHO.—Up in the air, etc.

END OF OPERA

THE MIKADO

or, The Town of Titipu

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN
NANKI-POO (*his Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with* YUM-YUM)
KO-KO (*Lord High Executioner of Titipu*)
POOH-BAH (*Lord High Everything Else*)
PISH-TUSH (*a Noble Lord*)
YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, PEEP-BO } *Three Sisters—Wards of* KO-KO
KATISHA (*an elderly Lady, in love with* NANKI-POO)

Chorus of SCHOOL-GIRLS, NOBLES, GUARDS, *and* COOLIES

ACT I—*Courtyard of* KO-KO's *Official Residence*
ACT II—KO-KO's *Garden*

ACT I

SCENE.—*Court-yard of* KO-KO'S *Palace in Titipu. Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings.*

CHORUS

If you want to know who we are,
We are gentlemen of Japan:
On many a vase and jar—
On many a screen and fan,
We figure in lively paint:
Our attitude's queer and quaint—
You're wrong if you think it ain't.

If you think we are worked by strings
Like a Japanese marionette,
You don't understand these things:
It is simply Court etiquette.
Perhaps you suppose this throng
Can't keep it up all day long?
If that's your idea, you're wrong.

Enter NANKI-POO *in great excitement. He carries a native guitar on his back, and a bundle of ballads in his hand*

RECIT.

Nank. Gentlemen, I pray you tell me,
Where a lovely maiden dwelleth,
Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko:
In pity speak—oh speak, I pray you!
A Noble. Why, who are you who ask this question?
Nank. Come gather round me, and I'll tell you.

SONG

Nank. A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!

My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humours changing
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you,
Oh, willow, willow!
On maiden's coldness do you brood?
I'll do so, too—
Oh, willow, willow!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lovers' fears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew—
Oh, willow, willow!

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!

And if you call for a song of the sea,
We'll heave the capstan round,
With a yeo heave-ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee,

Hurrah for the homeward bound!
Yeo-ho—heave-ho—
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hours a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yeo-ho!
And his arm around her waist!

Then man the capstan—off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yeo heave-ho,
And a rumbelow,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

A wandering minstrel I, etc.

Enter Pish-Tush

Pish. And what may be your business with Yum-Yum?

Nank. I'll tell you. A year ago I was a member of the Titipu town band. It was my duty to take the cap round for contributions. While discharging this delicate office, I saw Yum-Yum. We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor, and I saw that my suit was hopeless. Overwhelmed with despair, I quitted the town. Judge of my delight when I heard a month ago, that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death for flirting! I hurried back at once, in the hope of finding Yum-Yum at liberty to listen to my protestations.

Pish. It is true that Ko-Ko was condemned to death for flirting, but he was reprieved at the last moment, and raised to the exalted rank of Lord High Executioner under the following remarkable circumstances:

SONG

Pish. Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
Young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered, or winked
(Unless connubially linked),
Should forthwith be beheaded.

And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be!

CHORUS

And I expect, etc.

Pish. This stern decree, you'll understand,
Caused great dismay throughout the land:
For young and old
And shy and bold
Were equally affected.
The youth who winked a roving eye,
Or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die—
He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect,
That he was right to so object.
And I am right
And you are right,
And everything is quite correct!

CHORUS

And you'll allow, as I expect, etc.

Pish. And so we straight let out on bail
A convict from the county jail,
Whose head was next
On some pretext
Condemned to be mown off,
And made *him* Headsman, for we said
"Who's next to be decapited
Cannot cut off another's head
Until he's cut his own off."

And we are right, I think you'll say,
To argue in this kind of way.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right—too-looral-lay!

CHORUS

And they were right, etc.

(*Exeunt* CHORUS.)

Enter POOH-BAH

Nank. Ko-Ko, the cheap tailor, Lord High Executioner of Titipu! Why, that's the highest rank a citizen can attain!

Pooh. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.

Nank. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!

Pooh. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you

that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering. But I struggle hard to overcome this defect. I mortify my pride continually. When all the great Officers of State resigned in a body, because they were too proud to serve under an ex-tailor, did I not unhesitatingly accept all their posts at once?

Pish. And the salaries attached to them? You did.

Pooh. It is consequently my degrading duty to serve this upstart as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Pooh-Bah paid for his services! I a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it.

Nank. And it does you credit.

Pooh. But I don't stop at that. I go and dine with middle-class people on reasonable terms. I dance at cheap suburban parties for a moderate fee. I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly. I also retail State secrets at a very low figure. For instance, any further information about Yum-Yum would come under the head of a State secret. (NANKI-POO *takes the hint, and gives him money.*) (*Aside.*) Another insult, and I think a light one!

SONG

Pooh.

Young man, despair,
Likewise go to,
Yum-Yum the fair
You must not woo.
It will not do:
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutioner!
This very day
From school Yum-Yum

Will wend her way,
And homeward come
With beat of drum,
And a rum-tum-tum,
To wed the Lord High Executioner!

And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.
From what I say, you may infer
It's as good as a play for him and her,
She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!

It's a hopeless case,
As you may see,
And in your place
Away I'd flee;
But don't blame me—
I'm sorry to be
Of your pleasure a diminutioner.
They'll vow their pact
Extremely soon,
In point of fact
This afternoon
Her honeymoon
With that buffoon
At seven, commences, so *you* shun her!

All. The brass will crash, etc.

Recit.

Nank.
And have I journeyed for a month, or nearly,
To learn that Yum-Yum, who I love so dearly,
This day to Ko-Ko is to be united!

Pooh.
The fact appears to be as you've recited:
But here he comes, equipped as suits his station;
He'll give you any further information.

Enter Ko-Ko, *attended*

CHORUS

Behold the Lord High Executioner!
A personage of noble rank and title—
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital.
Defer, defer,
To the noble Lord High Executioner!

SOLO

Ko. Taken from the county jail
By a set of curious chances;
Liberated then on bail,
On my own recognizances;
Wafted by a favouring gale,
As one sometimes is in trances,
To a height that few can scale,
Save by long and weary dances;
Surely, never had a male
Under such like circumstances
So adventurous a tale,
Which may rank with most romances.

CHORUS

Behold the Lord High Executioner, etc.

Ko. Gentlemen, I'm much touched by this reception. I can only trust that by strict attention to duty I shall ensure a continuance of those favours which it will ever be my study to deserve. If I should ever be called upon to act professionally, I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose deaths will be a distinct gain to society at large.

Enter Pooh-Bah

Song—Ko-Ko

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of social offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like *that*—
And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-têtes* insist—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

Chorus

He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!

There's the nigger serenader, and others of his race,
And the piano-organist—I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and every country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And "who doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try"!
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm *sure* she'd not be missed!

Chorus

He's got her on the list—he's got her on the list;
And I don't think she'll be missed—I'm *sure* she'll not be missed!

And that *Nisi Prius* nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The Judicial humorist—I've got *him* on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,
Such as—What d'ye call him—Thing'em bob, and likewise Never Mind,
And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who—
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to *you*.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS

You may put 'em on the list—you may put 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!

Ko. Pooh-Bah, it seems that the festivities in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

Pooh. Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse, or Private Secretary?

Ko. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.

Pooh. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that as the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

Ko. Exactly—as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

Pooh. As Private Secretary. Of course you will understand that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I am bound to see that due economy is observed.

Ko. Oh. But you said just now "don't stint yourself, do it well."

Pooh. As Private Secretary.

Ko. And now you say that due economy must be observed.

Pooh. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Ko. I see. Come over here, where the Chancellor can't hear us. (*They cross stage.*) Now, as my Solicitor, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

Pooh. Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying "chance it—"

Ko. Thank you. (*Shaking his hand.*) I will.

Pooh. If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.

Ko. I see. Come over here where the Chief Justice can't hear us. (*They cross the stage.*) Now, then, as First Lord of the Treasury?

Pooh. Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as Leader of the Opposition, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts, that as Lord High Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police.

Ko. That's extremely awkward.

Pooh. I don't say that all these people couldn't be squared; but it is right to tell you that I shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in my own estimation unless I was insulted with a very considerable bribe.

Ko. The matter shall have my careful consideration. But my bride and her sisters approach, and any little compliment on your part, such as an abject grovel in a characteristic Japanese attitude, would be esteemed a favour.

Enter procession of YUM-YUM'S *schoolfellows, heralding* YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING

CHORUS

Comes a train of little ladies
From scholastic trammels free,
Each a little bit afraid is,
Wondering what the world can be!

Is it but a world of trouble—
Sadness set to song?
Is its beauty but a bubble
Bound to break ere long?
Are its palaces and pleasures
Fantasies that fade?
And the glory of its treasures
Shadow of a shade?

Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under,
From scholastic trammels free,
And we wonder—how we wonder!—
What on earth the world can be!

TRIO—YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING

The Three.
Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school girl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
Three little maids from school!

Yum-Yum.
Everything is a source of fun. (*Chuckle.*)

Peep-Bo.
Nobody's safe, for we care for none! (*Chuckle.*)

Pitti-Sing.
Life is a joke that's just begun! (*Chuckle.*)

The Three. Three little maids from school!

All (*Dancing*).
Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

The Three. (*Suddenly demure.*)
Three little maids from school!
Yum-Yum.
One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum—
Peep-Bo.
Two little maids in attendance come—
Pitti-Sing.
Three little maids is the total sum.
The Three. Three little maids from school!
Yum-Yum.
From three little maids take one away—
Peep-Bo.
Two little maids remain, and they—
Pitti-Sing.
Won't have to wait very long, they say—
The Three. Three little maids from school!
All. (*Dancing.*)
Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—
The Three. (*Suddenly demure.*)
Three little maids from school!

Ko. At last, my bride that is to be! (*About to embrace her.*)

Yum. You're not going to kiss me before all these people?

Ko. Well, that was the idea.

Yum. (*Aside to* Peep-Bo.) It seems odd, don't it?

Peep. It's rather peculiar.

Pitti. Oh, I expect it's all right. Must have a beginning, you know.

Yum. Well, of course I know nothing about these things; but I've no objection if it's usual.

Ko. Oh, it's quite usual, I think. Eh, Lord Chamberlain? (*Appealing to* Pooh-Bah.)

Pooh. I have known it done. (Ko-Ko *embraces her.*)

Yum. That's over! (*Sees* Nanki-Poo, *and rushes to*

him.) Why, that's never you? (*The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hands, all speaking at once.*)

Yum. Oh, I'm so glad! I haven't seen you for ever so long, and I'm right at the top of the school, and I've got three prizes, and I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

Peep. And have you got an engagement?—Yum-Yum's got one, but she don't like it, and she'd ever so much rather it was you. I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

Pitti. Now tell us all the news, because you go about everywhere, and we've been at school, but thank goodness that's all over now, and we've come home for good, and we're not going back any more!

(*These three speeches are spoken together in one breath.*)

Ko. I beg your pardon. Will you present me?

Yum. Oh, this is the musician who used—

Peep. Oh, this is the gentleman who used—

Pitti. Oh, it is only Nanki-Poo who used—

Ko. One at a time, if you please.

Yum. He's the gentleman who used to play so beautifully on the—on the—

Pitti. On the Marine Parade.

Yum. Yes, I think that was the name of the instrument.

Nank. Sir, I have the misfortune to love your ward, Yum-Yum—oh, I know I deserve your anger!

Ko. Anger! not a bit, my boy. Why I love her myself. Charming little girl, isn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Taking little thing, altogether. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent authority. Thank you very much. Goodbye. (*To* Pish-Tush.) Take him away. (Pish-Tush *removes him.*)

Pitti (*who has been examining* Pooh-Bah). I beg your pardon, but what is this? Customer come to try on?

Ko. That is a Tremendous Swell. (*She starts back in alarm.*)

Pooh. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's dears.

Ko. Allow me to present you, Pooh-Bah. These are my three wards. The one in the middle is my bride-elect.

Pooh. What do you want me to do to them? Mind, I *will not* kiss them.

Ko. No, no, you sha'n't kiss them: a little bow—a mere nothing—you needn't mean it, you know.

Pooh. It goes against the grain. They are not young ladies, they are young persons.

Ko. Come, come, make an effort, there's a good nobleman.

Pooh (*aside to* Ko-Ko). Well, I sha'n't mean it. (*With a great effort.*) How de do, how de do, little girls? (*Aside.*) Oh, my protoplasmal ancestor!

Ko. That's very good. (*Girls indulge in suppressed laughter.*)

Pooh. I see nothing to laugh at. It is very painful to me to have to say "How de do, how de do, little girls," to young persons. I'm not in the habit of saying "How de do, how de do, little girls" to anybody under the rank of a Stockbroker.

Ko (*aside to girls*). Don't laugh at him—he's under treatment for it. (*Aside to* Pooh-Bah.) Never mind them, they don't understand the delicacy of your position.

Pooh. We know how delicate it is, don't we?

Ko. I should think we did! How a nobleman of your importance can do it at all is a thing I never can, never shall understand. (Ko-Ko *retires up and goes off.*)

Quartette and Chorus—Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, *and* Pitti-Sing

So please you, sir, we much regret
If we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high—
We shall know better by and bye.

But youth, of course, must have its fling,
So pardon us,
So pardon us,
And don't, in girlhood's happy spring,
Be hard on us,
Be hard on us,
If we're disposed to dance and sing,
Tra la la, etc. (*Dancing.*)

Chorus of Girls. But youth, of course, etc.

Pooh. I think you ought to recollect
You cannot show too much respect
Towards the highly titled few;
But nobody does, and why should you?
That youth at us should have its fling,
Is hard on us,
Is hard on us;
To our prerogative we cling—
So pardon us,
So pardon us,
If we decline to dance and sing—
Tra la la, etc. (*Dancing.*)

Chorus of Girls.
But youth, of course, must have its fling, etc.
(*Exeunt all but* YUM-YUM.)

Enter NANKI-POO

Nank. Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

Yum. Alas, yes!

Nank. But you do not love him?

Yum. Alas, no!

Nank. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

Yum. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you.

Nank. But I would wait until you were of age!

Yum. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

Nank. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

Yum. Besides—a wandering minstrel, who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

Nank. But—(*Aside*) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! (*Aloud*) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician!

Yum. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

Nank. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of His Majesty the Mikado?

Yum. The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

Nank. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (*Approaching her.*)

Yum (*retreating*). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

Nank. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.

Yum. Still that don't make it right. To flirt is illegal, and we must obey the law.

Nank. Deuce take the law!

Yum. I wish it would, but it won't!

Nank. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

Yum. Happy indeed!

Nank. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her.*)

Yum. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage.*)

Nank. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (*Approaching and gazing at her sentimentally.*)

Yum. Breathing vows of unutterable love—like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him.*)

Nank. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her.*)

Yum. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

Nank. If it wasn't for the law.

Yum. As it is, of course, we couldn't do anything of the kind.

Nank. Not for worlds!

Yum. Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!

Nank. Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

DUET—YUM-YUM *and* NANKI-POO

Nank. Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted,
I would say in tender tone,
"Loved one, let us be united—
Let us be each other's own!"
I would merge all rank and station,
Worldly sneers are nought to us,
And, to mark my admiration,
I would kiss you fondly thus—(*Kisses her.*)

Both. He / She } would kiss me thus—(*Kiss.*)

Yum. But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko,
To embrace you thus, *con fuoco,*
Would distinctly be no *gioco,*
And for yam I should get toco—

Both. Toco, toco, toco, toco.

Nank. So, in spite of all temptation,
Such a theme I'll not discuss,
And on no consideration
Will I kiss you fondly thus—(*Kissing her.*)
Let me make it clear to you,
This, oh this, oh this, oh this (*Kissing her.*)
This is what I'll never do!
(*Exeunt in opposite directions.*)

Enter Ko-Ko

Ko (*looking after* Yum-Yum). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel! Really, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony! (*Enter* Pooh-Bah *and* Pish-Tush.) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliloquizing? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir!

Pish. I am the bearer of a letter from His Majesty the Mikado.

Ko (*taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month, the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village!

Pish. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

Ko. Yes. There's no help for it, I shall have to execute somebody. The only question is, who shall it be?

Pooh. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to *you.*

Ko. To me? What are you talking about? I can't execute myself, Recorder!

Pooh. Why not?

Ko. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-decapitation is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing

to attempt; and in the second, it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offence.

Pooh. That is so, no doubt.

Pish. We might reserve that point.

Pooh. True, it could be argued six months hence, before the full Court.

Ko. Besides, I don't see how a man *can* cut off his own head.

Pooh. A man might try.

Pish. Even if you only succeeded in cutting it half off, that would be something.

Pooh. It would be taken as an earnest of your desire to comply with the Imperial will.

Ko. No. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Headsman, my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result.

Pooh. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to *you*, but it places us in a very awkward position.

Ko. My good sir, the awkwardness of your position is grace itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of cutting off his own head.

Pish. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute—

Ko. A substitute? Oh, certainly—nothing easier. (*To* Pooh-Bah.) Pooh-Bah, I appoint you my substitute.

Pooh. I should like it above all things. Such an appointment would realize my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

Trio

Ko-ko	*Pooh-Bah*	*Pish-Tush*
My brain it teems	I am so proud,	I heard one day,
With endless schemes,	If I allowed	A gentleman say
Both good and new	My family pride	That criminals who
For Titipu;	To be my guide,	Are cut in two
But if I flit,	I'd volunteer	Can hardly feel
The benefit	To quit this sphere	The fatal steel,

Ko-Ko	*Pooh-Bah*	*Pish-Tush*
That I'd diffuse	Instead of you,	And so are slain
The town would lose!	In a minute or two,	Without much pain.
Now every man	But family pride	If this is true
To aid his clan	Must be denied,	It's jolly for you;
Should plot and plan	And set aside,	Your courage screw
As well as he can,	And mortified,	To bid us adieu,
And so,	And so,	And go
Although	Although	And show
I'm ready to go,	I wish to go,	Both friend and foe
Yet recollect	And greatly pine	How much you dare.
'Twere disrespect	To brightly shine,	I'm quite aware
Did I neglect	And take the line	It's your affair,
To thus effect	Of hero fine,	Yet I declare
This aim direct,	With grief condign	I'd take your share
So I object—	I must decline—	But I don't much care—
So I object—	I must decline—	I don't much care—
So I object—	I must decline—	I don't much care—

All.

To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

(*Exeunt all but* Ko-Ko.)

Ko. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be respited at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is this public gratitude? Is this— (*Enter* Nanki-Poo *with a rope in his hands.*) Go away, sir! How dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize?

Nank. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

Ko. What are you going to do with that rope?

Nank. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

Ko. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

Nank. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

Ko. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once, or I summon my guard.

Nank. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger.

Ko. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible! (*Suddenly.*) Why, you cold-blooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking your life, you are committing a crime which—which—which is— Oh! (*Struck by an idea.*)

Nank. What's the matter?

Ko. Is it *absolutely certain* that you are resolved to die?

Nank. Absolutely!

Ko. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

Nank. Nothing.

Ko. Threats, entreaties, prayers—all useless?

Nank. All! My mind is made up.

Ko. Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination—don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nank. I don't see how that would benefit me.

Ko. You don't? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession—bands—dead march—bells tolling—all the girls in tears—Yum-Yum distracted—then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. *You* won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

Nank. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death?

Ko. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tender-hearted little creature alive.

Nank. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan, and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

Ko. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so

easily, and, after all, what is more miserable than a love-blighted life?

Nank. True.

Ko. Life without Yum-Yum—why, it seems absurd!

Nank. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.

Ko. Poor devils, yes! You are quite right not to be of their number.

Nank. (*suddenly*). I *won't* be of their number!

Ko. Noble fellow!

Nank. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum to-morrow, and in a month you may behead me.

Ko. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.

Nank. Very good. If you can draw the line, so can I. (*Preparing rope.*)

Ko. Stop, stop—listen one moment—be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm going to marry her myself?

Nank. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

Ko. That's true, of course. I quite see that, but, dear me, my position during the next month will be most unpleasant—most unpleasant!

Nank. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.

Ko. But—dear me—well—I agree—after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? You see I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

Nank. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.

Finale

Enter Chorus, Pooh-Bah, *and* Pish-Tush

CHORUS

With aspect stern
And gloomy stride,
We come to learn
How you decide.

Don't hesitate
Your choice to name,
A dreadful fate
You'll suffer all the same.

Pooh. To ask you what you mean to do we punctually appear.

Ko. Congratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer!

All. The Japanese equivalent for Hear, Hear, Hear!

Ko. (*presenting him*). 'Tis Nanki-Poo!

All. Hail, Nanki-Poo!

Ko. I think he'll do?

All. Yes, yes, he'll do!

Ko. He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender;
Now I adore that girl with passion tender,
And could not yield her with a ready will,
Or her allot,
If I did not
Adore myself with passion tenderer still!

All. Ah, yes!
He loves himself with passion tenderer still!

Ko. (*to* NANKI-POO). Take her—she's yours!

Enter YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING

Nank. and Yum. Oh, rapture!

ENSEMBLE

Yum. and Nank. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
There's yet a month of afternoon!

Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song,
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer
Inaugurate our brief career!

All. Then let the throng, etc.

Pitti-Sing. A day, a week, a month, a year—
Or be it far, or be it near,
Life's eventime comes much too soon,
You'll live at least a honeymoon!

All. Then let the throng, etc.

SOLO

Pooh.

As in three weeks you've got to die,
If Ko-Ko tells us true,
'Twere empty compliment to cry
Long life to Nanki-Poo!

But as you've got three weeks to live
As fellow citizen,
This toast with three times three we'll give—
"Long life to you—till then!"

CHORUS

May all good fortune prosper you,
May you have health and riches too,
May you succeed in all you do.
Long life to you—till then!

DANCE

Enter KATISHA *melodramatically*

Kat. Your revels cease—assist me all of you!

CHORUS

Why, who is this whose evil eyes
Rain blight on our festivities?

Kat. I claim my perjured lover, Nanki-Poo!
Oh, fool! to shun delights that never cloy!
Come back, oh, shallow fool! come back to joy!

CHORUS

Go, leave thy deadly work undone;
Away, away! ill-favoured one!

Nank. (*aside to* YUM-YUM). Ah!
'Tis Katisha!
The maid of whom I told you. (*About to go.*)

Kat. (*detaining him*). No!
You shall not go,
These arms shall thus enfold you!

SONG

Kat. (*addressing* NANKI-POO).
Oh fool, that fleest
My hallowed joys!
Oh blind, that seest
No equipoise!
Oh rash, that judgest
From half, the whole!
Oh base, that grudgest
Love's lightest dole!
Thy heart unbind,
Oh fool, oh blind!
Give me my place,
Oh rash, oh base!

CHORUS

If she's thy bride, restore her place,
Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!

Kat. (*addressing* YUM-YUM).

Pink cheek, that rulest
Where wisdom serves!
Bright eye, that foolest
Steel-tempered nerves!
Rose-lip, that scornest
Lore-laden years—
Sweet tongue, that warnest
Who rightly hears—
Thy doom is nigh,
Pink cheek, bright eye!
Thy knell is rung,
Rose-lip, sweet tongue!

CHORUS

If true her tale, thy knell is rung,
Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lip, sweet tongue!

Pitti-Sing.

Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intention well expressed,
You cannot turn us!
The state of your connubial views
Towards the person you accuse
Does not concern us!
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—

All. Yum-Yum!

Pitti. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—

All. Cumb—cumb!

Pitti. You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny—
The word for your guidance is, "Mum"—

All. Mum—mum!

Pitti. There's lots of good fish in the sea!

All. There's lots of good fish in the sea!
And you'll find there are many, etc.

SOLO

Kat. The hour of gladness
Is dead and gone;
In silent sadness
I live alone!
The hope I cherished
All lifeless lies,
And all has perished
Save love, which never dies!

Oh, faithless one, this insult you shalt rue!
In vain for mercy on your knees you'll sue.
I'll tear the mask from you disguising!

Nank. (*aside*). Now comes the blow!
Kat. Prepare yourself for news surprising!
Nank. (*aside*). How foil my foe?
Kat. No minstrel he, despite bravado!
Yum. (*aside, struck by an idea*).
Ha! ha! I know!
Kat. He is the son of your—

(NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM, *interrupting, sing Japanese words to drown her voice.*)
O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
O sa! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. In vain you interrupt with this tornado!
He is the only son of your—
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. I'll spoil—
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. Your gay gambado!
He is the son—
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. Of your—
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!

ENSEMBLE

Katisha

Ye torrents roar!
Ye tempests howl!
Your wrath outpour
With angry growl!
Do ye your worst, my vengeance call
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Prepare for woe,
Ye haughty lords,
At once I go
Mikado-wards.
And when he learns his son is found
My wrongs with vengeance will be crowned!

The Others

We'll hear no more,
Ill-omened owl,
To joy we soar,
Despite your scowl.
The echoes of our festival
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Away you go,
Collect your hordes;
Proclaim your woe
In dismal chords;
We do not heed their dismal sound,
For joy reigns everywhere around!

KATISHA *rushes furiously up stage, clearing the crowd away right and left, finishing on steps at the back of stage.*

ACT II

Scene—Ko-Ko's *Garden*

Yum-Yum *discovered seated at her bridal toilet, surrounded by maidens who are dressing her hair and painting her face and lips, as she judges of the effect in a mirror.*

Chorus

Braid the raven hair—
Weave the supple tress—
Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty face—
Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace
Of her ladyship!
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride.

Solo

Pitti-Sing. Sit with downcast eye—
Let it brim with dew—
Try if you can cry—
We will do so, too.
When you're summoned, start
Like a frightened doe—
Flutter, little heart,
Colour, come and go!
Modesty at marriage tide
Well becomes a pretty bride!

Chorus

Braid the raven hair, etc.

(*Exeunt Chorus.*)

Yum. (*looking at herself in glass*). Yes, I am indeed beautiful! Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world? Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

SONG

Yum-Yum.

The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
With ever living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
He scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim
"I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent,"
But, fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent!

I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky—
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!

Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness!
She borrows light
That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!

Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

Yum. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

Peep. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

Yum. In "all but" perfection?

Peep. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback.

Pitti. I don't know about that. It all depends!

Peep. At all events, *he* will find it a drawback.

Pitti. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

Yum. (*in tears*). I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness *is* to be—to be—

Peep. Cut short.

Yum. Well, cut short—in a month, can't you let me forget it? (*Weeping.*)

Enter NANKI-POO *followed by* PISH-TUSH

Nank. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding-morn!

Yum. (*sobbing*). They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Pitti. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Peep. It's quite true, you know, you *are* to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Nank. (*aside*). Humph! How some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! (*Aloud.*) A month? Well, what's a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

Pitti. There's a popular impression to that effect.

Nank. Then we'll efface it. We'll call each second a

minute—each minute an hour—each hour a day—and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

Peep. And at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three quarters! (*Exit* PEEP-BO.)

Yum. (*still sobbing*). Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself!

Nank. That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

Yum. Certainly. Let's—let's be perfectly happy! (*Almost in tears.*)

Pish. By all means. Let's—let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

Pitti. It's —it's absurd to cry! (*Trying to force a laugh.*)

Yum. Quite ridiculous! (*Trying to laugh.*)

(*All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.*)

Quartette—YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, NANK., *and* PISH-TUSH.

Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?
Fickle moment, prithee stay!
What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow:
Though the tocsin sound, ere long,
Ding dong; Ding dong!
Yet until the shadows fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la! etc. (*Ending in tears.*)
Let us dry the ready tear,
Though the hours are surely creeping,
Little need for woeful weeping,
Till the sad sundown is near.
All must sip the cup of sorrow—
I to-day and thou to-morrow:

This the close of every song—
Ding dong! Ding dong!
What, though solemn shadows fall,
Sooner, later, over all?
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la! etc. (*Ending in tears.*)

(*Exeunt* Pitti-Sing *and* Pish-Tush. Nanki-Poo *embraces* Yum-Yum.)

Enter Ko-Ko—Nanki-Poo *releases* Yum-Yum.

Ko. Go on—don't mind me.

Nank. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

Ko. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only please do it by degrees. Begin by putting your arm round her waist. (Nanki-Poo *does so.*) There; let me get used to that first.

Yum. Oh, wouldn't you like to retire? It must pain you to see us so affectionate together!

Ko. No, I must learn to bear it! Now oblige me by allowing her head to rest on your shoulder. (*He does so*—Ko-Ko *much affected.*) I am much obliged to you. Now—kiss her! (*He does so*—Ko-Ko *writhes with anguish.*) Thank you—it's simple torture!

Yum. Come, come, bear up. After all, it's only for a month.

Ko. No. It's no use deluding oneself with false hopes.

Nank. } What do you mean?
Yum. }

Ko. (*to* Yum-Yum). My child—my poor child. (*Aside.*) How shall I break it to her? (*Aloud.*) My little bride that was to have been——

Yum. (*delighted*). *Was* to have been!

Ko. Yes, you never can be mine!

Yum. (*in ecstasy*). What!!!

Ko. I've just ascertained that, by the Mikado's law, when a married man is beheaded his wife is buried alive.

Yum.
Nank. } Buried alive!

Ko. Buried alive. It's a most unpleasant death.

Nank. But whom did you get that from?

Ko. Oh, from Pooh-Bah. He's my solicitor.

Yum. But he may be mistaken!

Ko. So I thought, so I consulted the Attorney-General, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Judge Ordinary, and the Lord Chancellor. They're all of the same opinion. Never knew such unanimity on a point of law in my life!

Nank. But stop a bit! This law has never been put in force?

Ko. Not yet. You see, flirting is the only crime punishable with decapitation, and married men never flirt.

Nank. Of course they don't. I quite forgot that! Well, I suppose I may take it that my dream of happiness is at an end!

Yum. Darling—I don't want to appear selfish, and I love you with all my heart—I don't suppose I shall ever love anybody else half as much—but when I agreed to marry you—my own—I had no idea—pet—that I should have to be buried alive in a month!

Nank. Nor I! It's the very first I've heard of it!

Yum. It makes a difference, don't it?

Nank. It *does* make a difference, of course!

Yum. You see—burial alive—it's such a stuffy death! You see my difficulty, don't you?

Nank. Yes, and I see my own. If I insist on your carrying out your promise, I doom you to a hideous death; if I release you, you marry Ko-Ko at once!

TRIO

Yum. Here's a how-de-do!
If I marry you,
When your time has come to perish,
Then the maiden whom you cherish

Must be slaughtered too!
Here's a how-de-do!

Nank. Here's a pretty mess!
In a month, or less,
I must die without a wedding!
Let the bitter tears I'm shedding
Witness my distress.
Here's a pretty mess!

Ko. Here's a state of things!
To her life she clings!
Matrimonial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion—
Burial it brings!
Here's a state of things!

ENSEMBLE

Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo
With a passion that's intense
I worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
We oughtn't to ignore.
If what he says is true,
It is death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

Ko-Ko
With a passion that's intense
You worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
You oughtn't to ignore.
If what I say is true,
It is death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!
(*Exit* YUM-YUM.)

Ko. (*going up to* NANKI-POO). My poor boy, I'm really very sorry for you.

Nank. Thanks, old fellow. I'm sure you are.

Ko. You see I'm quite helpless.

Nank. I quite see that.

Ko. I can't conceive any thing more distressing than to have one's marriage broken off at the last moment. But

you sha'n't be disappointed of a wedding—you shall come to mine.

Nank. It's awfully kind of you, but that's impossible.

Ko. Why so?

Nank. To-day I die.

Ko. What do you mean?

Nank. I can't live without Yum-Yum. This afternoon I perform the Happy Despatch.

Ko. No, no—pardon me—I can't allow that.

Nank. Why not?

Ko. Why, hang it all, you're under contract to die by the hand of the Public Executioner in a month's time! If you kill yourself, what's to become of me? Why, I shall have to be executed in your place!

Nank. It would certainly seem so!

Enter Pooh-Bah

Ko. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

Pooh. The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city, and will be here in ten minutes.

Ko. The Mikado! He's coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (*To* Nanki-Poo.) Now look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nank. Very well, then—behead me.

Ko. What, now?

Nank. Certainly; at once.

Ko. My good sir, I don't go about prepared to execute gentlemen at a moment's notice. Why, I never even killed a blue-bottle!

Pooh. Still, as Lord High Executioner,—

Ko. My good sir, as Lord High Executioner I've got to behead him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons. I mean

to begin with a guinea pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a second trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely nominal? I *can't* kill you—I can't kill anything! (*Weeps.*)

Nank. Come, my poor fellow, we all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times; after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done.

Ko. (*springing up suddenly*). *Must it?* I'm not so sure about that!

Nank. What do you mean?

Ko. Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses—the Lord Chief Justice and Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of State for the Home Department, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (*To* POOH-BAH.)

Pooh. Am I to understand that all of us high Officers of State are required to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety?

Ko. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted, as usual.

Pooh. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

Ko. It will be a ready-money transaction.

Pooh. (*aside*). Well, it will be a useful discipline. (*Aloud.*) Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like *that*, my buck?

Nank. But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum—

Ko. Oh, Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum! Bother Yum-Yum! Here, Commissionaire (*to* POOH-BAH), go and fetch Yum-Yum. (*Exit* POOH-BAH.) Take Yum-Yum and marry Yum-Yum, only go away and never come back again. (*Enter* POOH-BAH *with* YUM-YUM *and* PITTI-SING.) Here she is. Yum-Yum, are you particularly busy?

Yum. Not particularly.

Ko. You've five minutes to spare?

Yum. Yes.

Ko. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titipu; he'll marry you at once.

Yum. But if I'm to be buried alive?

Ko. Now don't ask any questions, but do as I tell you, and Nanki-Poo will explain all.

Nank. But one moment—

Ko. Not for worlds. Here comes the Mikado, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his decree, and if he finds you alive, I shall have the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I've beheaded you. (*Exeunt* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM, *followed by* POOH-BAH.) Close thing that, for here he comes!

March—Enter procession, heralding MIKADO, *with* KATISHA.

CHORUS

("*March of the Mikado's troops.*")

Miya sama, miya sama,
On ma no mayé ni
Pira-Pira suru no wa
Nan gia na
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na!

DUET—MIKADO *and* KATISHA

Mik. From every kind of man
Obedience I expect;
I'm the Emperor of Japan—

Kat. And I'm his daughter-in-law elect!
He'll marry his son
(He has only got one)
To his daughter-in-law elect.

Mik. My morals have been declared
Particularly correct;

Kat. But they're nothing at all, compared
With those of his daughter-in-law elect.
Bow! Bow!

To his daughter-in-law elect!
All. Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect.
Mik. In a fatherly kind of way
I govern each tribe and sect,
All cheerfully own my sway—
Kat. Except his daughter-in-law elect!
As tough as a bone,
With a will of her own,
Is his daughter-in-law elect!
Mik. My nature is love and light—
My freedom from all defect—
Kat. Is insignificant quite,
Compared with his daughter-in-law elect.
Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect!
All. Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect!

Song

Mik. A more humane Mikado never
Did in Japan exist,
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned
A true philanthropist.
It is my very humane endeavour
To make, to some extent,
Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment.
My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime;
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent

A source of innocent merriment,
Of innocent merriment!

All prosy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and bleat and bore,
Are sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four.
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villainies
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

The lady who dyes a chemical yellow,
Or stains her gray hair puce,
Or pinches her figger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice.
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer
In Parliamentary trains.

My object all sublime, etc.

The advertising quack who wearies
With tales of countless cures,
His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall all be extracted
By terrified amateurs.
The music hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and "ops"
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls,
On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue,
And elliptical billiard balls!

My object all sublime, etc.

Enter Pooh-Bah, *who hands a paper to* Ko-Ko

Ko. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty. I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place.

Mik. Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

Ko. Yes. The Coroner has just handed me his certificate.

Pooh. I am the Coroner. (Ko-Ko *hands certificate to* Mikado.)

Mik. (*reads*). "At Titipu, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord Mayor, and Groom of the Second Floor Front."

Pooh. They were all present, your Majesty. I counted them myself.

Mik. Very good house. I wish I'd been in time for the performance.

Ko. A tough fellow he was, too—a man of gigantic strength. His struggles were terrific. It was really a remarkable scene.

Trio—Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing, *and* Pooh-Bah

Ko. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—

With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown
I bared my big right arm.
I seized him by his little pig-tail,
And on his knees fell he,
As he squirmed and struggled
And guggled and guggled,
I drew my snickersnee!
Oh never shall I
Forget the cry,
Or the shriek that shriekèd he,
As I gnashed my teeth,
When from its sheath
I drew my snickersnee!

CHORUS

We know him well,
He cannot tell
Untrue or groundless tales—
He always tries
To utter lies,
And every time he fails.

Pitti. He shivered and shook as he gave the sign
For the stroke he didn't deserve;
When all of a sudden his eye met mine,
And it seemed to brace his nerve,
For he nodded his head and kissed his hand,
And he whistled an air, did he,
As the sabre true
Cut cleanly through
His cervical vertebrae!
When a man's afraid,
A beautiful maid
Is a cheering sight to see.
And it's oh, I'm glad,
That moment sad
Was soothed by sight of me!

CHORUS

Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees;
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease.

Pooh. Now though you'd have said that head was dead
(For its owner dead was he),
It stood on its neck with a smile well bred
And bowed three times to me!
It was none of your impudent off-hand nods,
But as humble as could be.
For it clearly knew
The deference due
To a man of pedigree!
And it's oh, I vow,
This deathly bow
Was a touching sight to see;
Though trunkless, yet
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me!

CHORUS

This haughty youth
He speaks the truth
Whenever he finds it pays,
And in this case
It all took place
Exactly as he says! (*Exeunt* CHORUS.)

Mik. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our imperial court.

Ko. Indeed? Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

Kat. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled!

Pooh. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

Kat. That's not true. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world. Observe this ear.

Ko. Large.

Kat. Large? Enormous! But think of its delicate internal mechanism. It is fraught with beauty! As for this tooth, it almost stands alone. Many have tried to draw it, but in vain.

Ko. And yet he fled!

Mik. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a second trombone.

Pooh.
Pitti. } A second trombone!
Ko.

Mik. Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of Nanki-Poo.

Ko. Oh, no; not at all—only—

Mik. Yes?

Ko. It's rather awkward, but in point of fact, he's gone abroad!

Mik. Gone abroad? His address!

Ko. Knightsbridge!

Kat. (*who is reading certificate of death*). Ha!

Mik. What's the matter?

Kat. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this

morning. Oh, where shall I find another! Where shall I find another! (KO-KO, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING *fall on their knees.*)

Mik. (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear; this is very tiresome. (*To* KO-KO.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Ko. But I assure you we had no idea—

Together. *Pooh.* But, indeed, we didn't know—

Pitti. We really hadn't the least notion—

Mik. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a second trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

Ko. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

Mik. Obliged? not a bit. Don't mention it. How *could* you tell?

Pooh. No, of course we couldn't know that he was the Heir Apparent.

Pitti. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

Ko. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

Mik. Ha! ha! ha! (*To* KAT.) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

Ko.
Pooh.
Pitti. } Punishment! (*They drop down on their knees again.*)

Mik. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret.—I'm not a bit angry.

Ko. (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

Mik. Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an act says "compassing the death of the Heir Apparent." There's not a word about a mistake or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these acts are drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

Ko. What's the good of that?

Mik. Now let's see—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

Ko., Pitti, and Pooh. Oh, yes—we can wait till then!

Mik. Then we'll make it after luncheon. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

GLEE

Mik. and Kat.
See how the Fates their gifts allot,
For A is happy—B is not.
Yet B is worthy, I dare say,
Of more prosperity than A!

Ko., Pitti. and Pooh. *Is* B more worthy?

Mik. and Kat. I should say
He's worth a great deal more than A.

All. Yet A is happy!
Oh so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ever joyous, ever gay,
Happy, undeserving A!

Ko., Pooh., and Pitti.
If I were Fortune—which I'm not—
B should enjoy A's happy lot,
And A should die in miserie,
That is, assuming I am B.

Mik. and Kat. But *should* A perish?
Ko, Pooh, and Pitti. That should he
(Of course assuming I am B.)
All. B should be happy!
Oh so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha!
But condemned to die is he,
Wretched, meritorious B!
(*Exeunt* MIKADO *and* KATISHA.)

Ko. Well! a nice mess you've got us into, with your nodding head and the deference due to a man of pedigree!

Pooh. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.

Pitti. Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick!

Ko. And you're just as bad as he is with your cock-and-a-bull stories, about catching his eye, and his whistling an air. But that's so like you! You must put in your oar!

Pooh. But how about your big right arm?

Pitti. Yes, and your snickersnee!

Ko. Well, well, never mind that now. There's only one thing to be done. Nanki-Poo hasn't started yet—he must come to life again at once—(*Enter* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM *prepared for journey*) here he comes. Here Nanki-Poo, I've good news for you—you're reprieved.

Nank. Oh, but it's too late. I'm a dead man, and I'm off for my honeymoon.

Ko. Nonsense. A terrible thing has just happened. It seems that you're the son of the Mikado.

Nank. Yes, but that happened some time ago.

Ko. Is this a time for airy persiflage? Your father is here, and with Katisha!

Nank. My father! And with Katisha!

Ko. Yes, he wants you particularly.

Pooh. So does she.

Yum. Oh, but he's married now.

Ko. But, bless my heart, what has that to do with it?

Nank. Katisha claims me in marriage, but I can't marry her because I'm married already—consequently she will insist on my execution, and if I'm executed, my wife will have to be buried alive.

Yum. You see our difficulty.

Ko. Yes, I don't know what's to be done.

Nank. There's one chance for you. If you could persuade Katisha to marry you, she would have no further claim on me, and in that case I could come to life without any fear of being put to death.

Ko. I marry Katisha!

Yum. I really think it's the only course.

Ko. But, my good girl, have you seen her? She's something appalling!

Pitti. Ah, that's only her face. She has a left elbow which people come miles to see!

Pooh. I am told that her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs.

Ko. My good sir, I decline to pin my heart upon any lady's right heel.

Nank. It comes to this: While Katisha is single, I prefer to be a disembodied spirit. When Katisha is married, existence will be as welcome as the flowers in spring.

DUET—NANKI-POO *and* KO-KO

Nank. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Breathe promise of merry sunshine—
As we merrily dance and we sing,
Tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring,
Tra la,
Of a summer of roses and wine;

And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la la la la la, etc.

All. And that's what we mean, etc.

Ko. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case,
I've got to take under my wing,
Tra la,
A most unattractive old thing,
Tra la,
With a caricature of a face;
And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,
Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!
Tra la la la la la, etc.

All. And that's what he means when he ventures to sing, etc.

(*Dance and exeunt* NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING.)

Enter KATISHA

RECIT.

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, sepulchre!
My soul is still my body's prisoner!
Remote the peace that Death alone can give—
My doom, to wait! my punishment, to live!

SONG

Hearts do not break!
They sting and ache
For old sake's sake,
But do not die!
Though with each breath
They long for death,

As witnesseth
The living I!
Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone
Dost thou stay on?
Why linger here,
Where all is drear?
May not a cheated maiden die?

Ko. (*approaching her timidly*). Katisha!

Kat. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues—they are heating the cauldron!

Ko. Katisha—behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha—mercy!

Kat. Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love *me*, but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste—only the educated palate can appreciate *me*. I was educating *his* palate when he left me. Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me—am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the same time, implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey—I mean my pupil—just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another!

Ko. (*suddenly, and with great vehemence*). Here!—Here!

Kat. What! ! !

Ko. (*with intense passion*). Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If there is aught of woman's mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick suppliant whose every fibre thrills at your tiniest touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling the soul within me. But the fire will not be smothered—it defies all attempts at extinction, and, breaking forth all the more eagerly for its long restraint, it declares

itself in words that will not be weighed—that cannot be schooled—that should not be too severely criticized. Katisha, I dare not hope for your love—but I will not live without it!

Kat. You, whose hands still reek with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged!

Ko. I do—accept my love, or I perish on the spot!

Kat. Go to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

Ko. You know not what you say. Listen!

SONG

Ko. On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing, 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?
Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
Singing, "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

(*During this song* KATISHA *has been greatly affected, and at the end is almost in tears.*)

Kat. (*whimpering*). Did he really die of love?

Ko. He really did.

Kat. All on account of a cruel little hen?

Ko. Yes.

Kat. Poor little chap!

Ko. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately.

Kat. Did you? He must have been very fond of her!

Ko. His devotion was something extraordinary.

Kat. (*still whimpering*). Poor little chap! And—and if I refuse you, you will go and do the same?

Ko. At once.

Kat. No, no—you mustn't! Anything but that! (*Falls on his breast.*) Oh, I'm a silly little goose!

Ko. (*making a wry face*). You are!

Kat. And you won't hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit blood-thirsty, will you?

Ko. Hate you? Oh, Katisha! is there not beauty even in bloodthirstiness?

Kat. My idea exactly.

DUET—KO-KO *and* KATISHA

Kat. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
There is eloquent out-pouring
When the lion is a-roaring,
And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!

Ko. Yes, I like to see a tiger
From the Congo or the Niger,
And especially when lashing of his tail!

Kat. Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim,
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
But to him who's scientific
There's nothing that's terrific
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!
Yes, in spite of all my meekness,
If I have a little weakness,
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts.

Both. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done.

Ko. There is beauty in extreme old age—
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?

Kat. Throughout this wide dominion
It's the general opinion
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough.

Ko. Are you old enough to marry, do you think?
Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shade?
There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic;
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

Kat. To the matter that you mention
I have given some attention,
And I think I am sufficiently decayed.

Both. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!

Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!

(*Exeunt together.*)

Flourish. Enter the MIKADO, *attended by* PISH-TUSH *and Court*

Mik. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're quite ready. Have all the painful preparations been made?

Pish. Your Majesty, all is prepared.

Mik. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his two well-meaning but misguided accomplices.

Enter KO-KO, KATISHA, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING

They throw themselves at the MIKADO'S *feet*

Kat. Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!

Mik. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught that remark.

Kat. Mercy! My husband that was to have been is dead, and I have just married this miserable object.

Mik. Oh! You've not been long about it!

Ko. We were married before the Registrar.

Pooh. I am the Registrar.

Mik. I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain the Heir Apparent—

Enter NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM. *They kneel*

Nank. The Heir Apparent is *not* slain.

Mik. Bless my heart, my son!

Yum. And your daughter-in-law elected!

Kat. (*seizing* Ko-Ko.) Traitor, you have deceived me!

Mik. Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.

Ko. Your Majesty, it's like this. It is true that I stated that I had killed Nanki-Poo—

Mik. Yes, with most affecting particulars.

Pooh. Merely corroborative detail intended to give verisimilitude to a bald and—

Ko. Will you refrain from putting in your oar? (*To* Mik.) It's like this: when your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically, it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, "Kill a gentleman," and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically, he *is* dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

Mik. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

Finale

Pitti. For he's gone and married Yum-Yum—
All. Yum-Yum!
Pitti. Your anger pray bury
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—
All. Cumb-cumb!
Pitti. And join our expressions of glee!
Ko. On this subject I pray you be dumb—
All. Dumb-dumb!
Ko. Your notions, though many,
Are not worth a penny,
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—
All. Mum-mum!
Ko. You've a very good bargain in me.
Yum. and Nank. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
We've years and years of afternoon!

All. Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!

Then let the throng, etc.

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